

THE
YOUNG LADIES
MAGAZINE,
OR
DIALOGUES

Between
A DISCREET GOVERNESS

AND

Several YOUNG LADIES of the first RANK
under her EDUCATION.

BY

Mrs. LE PRINCE DE BEAUMONT.

VOLUME I.

L O N D O N,

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YOUNG LADIES
MAGAZINE



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VOL. I

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TO LADY

Sophia CARTERET.

MADAM,

THIS address to your Ladyship must not pass for a fulsome dedicatory epistle. Those performances sacred to flattery neither suit you nor me. The intercourse I have so long had the honour of with you, has always been carried on with truth. 'Tis the only language you approve, and the only language fit to be used by me. There is room for an ample dedication; I might enlarge on your illustrious ancestors, and make their merit yours, which you would reject with scorn. You know better than any person, that virtue, to deserve commendation, must be personal; and I am too well acquainted with your thoughts on this subject to employ this common *topic*. I could with justice speak of your talents and happy disposition; and had I less regard or affection for you I might perhaps yield to a temptation that is not altogether uncommon. But my heart guides my pen, and will not per-

mit me to offer any thing to you that is not useful.

The gifts of nature, which you are blest with, are an early promise of that true merit, which has a just title to praise. From your first setting out, before you knew what reflection and thought was, I observed with pleasure, that you reasoned, as it were, by instinct, and spoke like the most rational persons. Your understanding and your will are so clear and sound, that you never mistake in a point of justice, and seldom in indifferent matters. But, Madam, these happy dispositions are in you, but bestowed on you by a bountiful hand; and I must desire your ladyship to praise that infinite and beneficent being, who has been so liberal to you, and at the same time to reflect, that the rigour of the account, you are to make, increases in proportion to the blessings you have received. Your tenderness and compassion, which gives you a fellow-feeling for the distressed, and so much pleasure when you can contribute to their relief, these and other happy dispositions are not from yourself; you have received all from above. I might commend your improving the talents intrusted with you; but if you will

DEDICATION.

v

reflect upon your education, the daily examples you have from those that are dearest to you, you will be still farther convinced, that you have nothing to boast. The day will come, when after you are left to yourself, the world will attribute what it admires in you to your conduct. You must be prepared for that time; and in your present happy situation, where every circumstance of life directs you to virtue, be steady in the love of righteousness; that in the midst of a corrupt world you may still find, as you now do, that you are hurt and offended by every thing that appears to be a suggestion against the laws of morality. Preserve with care the respect, you in some manner took in with your milk, for christianity; and dare to be, what a degenerate world glories in not being, a Christian. Never forget that the stock of good nature, which influences your whole deportment, is a call from heaven, which designs you for a mother of the poor. Your correspondence with this high vocation will truly deserve praise; but never forget, that praise is the bane of virtue, and whatever pitch those virtues may be carried to, of which the happy beginnings open so agreeable a prospect in your

A 3
person,

person, repeat incessantly in your thoughts: *Why should I glory? What is there that I have not received?*

This piece of justice, due to God your benefactor, and to yourself, will be the means to preserve Christian virtues, which, from the moment that we attribute them with impiety to ourselves, disappear and leave the soul.

A young lady, who has the honour of being related to your ladyship, upon hearing that I had given her character amongst those I offered to the public in the *young Ladies Magazine*, reproached me very sharply: *What, said she, was I to receive the mortal poison of flattery from the hands of Madam de Beaumont?* The lady pretended, that I had not done her justice, and had flattered her in the character I had drawn for her. It may be, Madam, that in sketching out your portrait I have not thought to attribute to you all that is said on your account. But supposing, that as you say the copy is perfecter than the original, you must conclude, my intention was to present you with a pattern that might spirit up all your endeavours to be what you are not.

I make

DEDICATION. vii

I make the same compliment to your ladyship. You are personated by lady *Sensible* in the following dialogues. If my respectful inclination for you, has imposed upon me; if I have, without intending it, set off the copy with graces that are not in the original, you must take care to rectify the mistake, and make the original so like the copy, that not the least feature may be missed.

I am, with due respect,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient and

Most humble Servant,

Le Prince de BEAUMONT.

DEDICATION.

I make the same compliment to your
Ladyship. You are personated by Lady Gas-
pelle in the following dialogue. It may
respectful inclination for you, has imposed
upon me; if I have, without intending it,
let off the copy with errors that are not in
the original, you must take care to rectify
the mistake, and make the original to
like the copy, that not the least feature may
be missed.

I am, with due respect,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient and

Most humble Servant,

The Prince de Beaumont.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE favourable reception, the *Misses Magazine* has met with in his Majesty's dominions, and abroad, has determined me to publish a *Magazine for Young Ladies*.

The most dangerous of all the stages of life in my opinion comes on about fourteen or fifteen. About that age a young lady is entered into the world, and takes a kind of new being. All the passions kept under restraint in the state of infancy begin to appear, and to plead in their favour the example of the new acquaintance, with whom they have begun to rank. Though a young lady steps into the world with the best education, there is too much reason to fear, that the best impressions will be erased by others that succeed them, and are formed from the corrupt and dangerous maxims, which they soon hear. But every thing is to be feared, when a young lady brings along with her into this new world passions either flattered or not curbed, a total ignorance, and, to say no worse, puerile prejudices. She must inevitably be ruined.

x ADVERTISEMENT.

The world is surpris'd at the increase of the numbers of so many despicable women; but, under the favour of a moment of reflexion, there is far greater reason to be judiciously surpris'd, that there are still so many virtuous.

Let us stop our ears against the incessant panegyrics that self-love lavishes upon us. Let us enter into our selves, and own ingenuously, that we have the root of all vice within ourselves, an esteem of all imaginary good things, an aversion to all restraint with a love of liberty, that borders upon libertinism. Under all these dispositions to diseases, that are like to prove mortal to the soul, we venture into an infected air without any precaution or preservative. How can we wonder at so many unfortunate falls, that strike and terrify the spectators? I know, that some common places have been repeated over and over, and, if you will, to young women that have had the worst education. *A disorderly woman is always despis'd. 'Tis necessary to be godly and religious, a decorum must be observed. Virtue alone can make us esteemed and happy.* The weakest governess has these maxims always in her mouth; she repeats them without thought to a girl, who hears them without any knowledge of their meaning. Some, I will not dispute it, apply themselves with a very good intention to inculcate these principles, by a frequent repetition, to those under their charge. But, with all their endeavours to compass this laudable design, they generally miscarry in as much as they do not know, and
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consequently cannot teach them, that the steps that lead to a fault are not the fault itself, tho' they are very dangerous and often criminal. An offence is held in horror, and if it made its first appearance barefaced, most young people would be guarded against danger. But what are the steps that lead to disorder? Imprudence, curiosity, levity, want of attention. Young ladies must learn this lesson; they must have it frequently repeated; they must be alarmed with their examples, who not acquainted with the danger have found it fatal to their loss. But let us suppose you have convinced them; do you find that the prospect of so many dangers seizes them with fear and horror? And yet the greatest difficulty remains, and it is this. They must be farther convinced, that neither their dread of evil, nor their own prudence, even under the watchful care of parents, can bear them safe out of danger, and that they must inevitably perish, unless they are armed and preserved with those helps which religion procures. This is not all. The helps, which religion affords, must be analysed and laid out in their full light. The first view discourages and gives a shock to nature, but the coarse veil must be taken off, and prejudice removed to satisfy them, that the yoke of the gospel is light and easy; and they must be made sensible of this great and important truth, that *it is easier* and less difficult to subdue, than to satisfy our passions. They must, I add, feel and see that though their souls were not immortal and nothing to be feared or hoped in another life, it would be their interest to be virtuous, since virtue is the
only

only means to alleviate evils, which cannot be avoided in this life. But this is a task far above the generality of governesses; and it is a question whether the mothers of young ladies are better qualified for this arduous trust; they that should lead the way and direct the governesses. Many are more ignorant than these last, more unsettled and less moral. Their examples and their maxims are at perpetual variance. Here a mother by an excess of severity locks up from herself the heart of a daughter, which a young lady opens to a confidant, or a servant maid, and engages in a process of life, where every step is ruin. There another with an ill-timed condescension fears, that misfortune's health may be prejudiced, if she meet with any contradiction, and chuses to let all things go as they may rather than suffer any restraint from the means, which would keep a proper balance between severity and weakness. Another by her ill-guarded discourse discovers the little value she sets upon christianity, and prepares her daughter not so much to admit, as eagerly to ingross all that she hears, or reads in impious books, too many in number, and which tend to make every thing doubtful, even the fundamental truths of religion, and the divine inspiration of the scriptures. In a word, the generality of parents are so taken up with the world, gaming, public shews and pageantry, that they want time to engage the confidence of their daughters; and, though they should have this leisure, they are utter strangers to the means, by which they might succeed in this necessary undertaking; and know not how to
make

make use of that confidence, when they are happily arrived at this term so much to be desired by parents.

From what has been said there is too much reason to conclude that young persons are absolutely, or very near, in want of necessary helps to escape the dangers, which accompany the ravings or infatuation of adolescence; since we seldom meet in a governess, and even in parents, with the qualities requisite to form their understanding and their hearts.

The major part of my readers, who have not so much as an idea of right education, and of the talents necessary for that important purpose, will look upon this as a paradox. But I repeat it here, after many repetitions, and shall continue to do so whilst I live, that education does not consist in the acquisition or culture of talents, nor in an exterior appearance and outward shew; and yet what is called the best education goes no farther. When a young lady of fourteen or fifteen is to be brought up, the end proposed is to form a Christian, an amiable wife, a tender mother, an attentive housekeeper, and a commonwealth's-woman, that may be a pleasure, and what is more, an advantage to society. But let us repeat it once more, what care, what pains, and how many talents are necessary for the momentous task? The greatest attention, and the most consummate experience scarce suffice to attain this great end.

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I have said that a young lady of fifteen must be trained up a Christian. The proposition will meet with general applause, and, as to terms, it subsists in the common ideas; but few take the sense and meaning. This sort of language is not understood, and I shall be ridiculed by most of my readers. I shall be well off, if I am only taken for an extravagant woman, and if they don't pretend to find some poison in a doctrine, which cannot be imputed to me, but through want of attention to the gospel where I found it. And it may be no misfortune to be classed among the methodists, a set of men little, if at all, known to me. But I must once for all declare my mind on this article.

The gospel contains two parts, the first *dogmatical*, and this relates to speculative truths; the second practical, and that relates to our morals. The first are to be believed, the second to be practised. That I may keep up to the plan which I have proposed to myself, in some things that are purely dogmatical I shall barely quote the sacred text without any comment, gloss or interpretation. And I desire that the same question be asked about the *young Ladies Magazine*, as was asked about the *Misses*. *What are the author's sentiments concerning dogmatical points? What communion does the author follow?* But my opinion as to moral points shall be clearly decided. It will be thought singular, and to be carried too far. That will not be my fault.

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I was asked the other day whether I could not moderate my opinion: that rigor of doctrine discourages many *. A rich man has means to benefit others as well as himself. A rich man must be happier than a poor man. If disciples of this world were to be formed, this doctrine would be readily admitted, but it must be proscribed amongst the disciples of Jesus Christ. Riches are not an advantage, unless they are employed for the use intended by providence, from whom they have been received in trust for the indigent; nay the rich cease to be disciples of Christ, when they don't dispense their wealth to that end. Riches otherwise mislead the heart, and incline it to an immoderate pursuit of ease, the love of superfluities, and too violent a tie to this world. Cares, solicitude, fears and suspicions, in a word all the difficulties of salvation face the rich man, that has an excessive affection to his wealth. I know and I have declared that the words of our Lord are only to be understood of the rich, who love their wealth criminally, and with prejudice to the duty they owe to God and their neighbour; but this is not enough to quiet the fears of the virtuous rich man, who has just reasons to dread being weighed down by cupidity. I cannot disguise the truth; naked truth is best; otherwise it suffers some diminution. Besides, my young ladies are

* *Those words, blessed are the poor, and many others, are not to be taken in the strict sense of the letter.*

brought

brought up to repeat the gospel ; that must be done faithfully ; the text must not be altered.

Providence disposes of the several conditions of life according to the divine plan for the ends intended. We have every one our respective employ, which, whatever it cost us, must be faithfully discharged. The same providence has fixed my station, and to enable me for the acquitting of the great duties of this post has entrusted me with some talents, and has procured me the confidence of the public as a means to facilitate the forming of young persons. I should incur the displeasure of God ; I should not correspond to my call, if the fear of weak censures withheld my pen. I have an opportunity of insinuating the spirit of Christianity into the hearts of my young readers. Their minds have not received any other impressions, and are not preoccupied. If there should be some influence of worldly maxims, the impression can be but superficial. And therefore let us make haste to imprint in their hearts the wholesome maxims of Jesus Christ with deep and lasting characters.

But who hinders you, they say ? Are we against our daughters being brought up to good morals ? Must we be concluded no Christians because we are no bigots ? We desire you to bring up our children ; pray make them women of worth and honour ; but do not puzzle their brains with extravagant maxims ; let them not copy after lord such-a-one, nor lady I do not intend

or

or desire they should follow any one's steps but those of *Jesus Christ*; but I cannot make them such persons as you desire and of such virtue as shall be proof against all trials, unless I make them perfect Christians. The degree of their religion will be the standard of their worth, honour, prudence, and of their attention to their respective duties. I must bring them to look upon their salvation as an important affair, their greatest, their only affair. I will give them to understand, that they are only created for that end; and that the wealth of the whole world will avail them nothing, if they have the misfortune to lose their souls; lastly, that they need only comply faithfully with the duties of their respective states, in order to ascertain their salvation. Is not this the interest of parents, husbands, their offspring, their domestics, and withal the interest of the public? This pleases you; it must please all the world. But you cavil about the means; I beg they may be left to me: one word more and I have done: *Do you design to bring them up bigots?* Suspend your opinion; be not alarmed; read this little book to the end; and observe what I mean by a bigot, and perhaps in the main we shall not disagree. Then it may turn out, that I shall have no adversaries, but those who make a trade of devotion, that is, who through ignorance of hypocrisy have substituted bigotry in the room of true piety. And let this suffice, that gentlemen and ladies of the world may cool their passion, and dismiss imaginary fears. Let them know, that I have the
utmost

utmost horror for false devotion; that I will be as great an enemy to false devotion, as I am to irreligion, and that I take the former to be more dangerous; and you young ladies, who seek to be truly happy, be assured, that I will point out the way that leads to it, and which you will find easier as you advance. Take this book, read, meditate, and consider the contents, after which you shall be, with my consent, at liberty to make your own choice.

Divine and holy spirit! *Paul* planteth, *Apollon* watereth, but thou alone givest the increase. Direct my pen; prepare the minds and hearts of my young readers; without thee my words will be but empty sounds that strike the ear; for thou only can'st touch the heart.

Some new characters are introduced in this Magazine. Were they imaginary, others might have been pitched upon; but perhaps these are as well fitted for my design. I copy from nature, my young people furnish me with all sorts of originals, and this abridges my work very considerably; and I am not without hopes that it will also make it useful. In a dozen characters that I have chosen, I point out the general methods to be followed by those, who undertake the instruction of youth. There are none of their scholars but what may be reduced to one or other of the characters presented here to the public. The shades which make the difference are almost imperceptible and cannot be observed without the

the greatest attention; and yet this discovery is of the greatest consequence, of which the following instance is a signal proof. The Lady, who goes by the name of Lady *Violent*, was but four years and a half old when she was consigned to my hands. She did not understand a word of French, and had with a capacity far above her age very strong passions, which by the indulgence of her nurse were grown quite ungovernable. I saw plainly at the second visit I made, how unprofitable and troublesome my lessons were. I was very sensible, that the child not only detested, but had reason to detest me; and her aversion to me in proportion to her wit was the more grounded and rational; she was tired with repeating words without any meaning; the disgust she had taken against the French language reflected on me; and as I was not able for want of language to argue the point with her, I had no hopes left of seeing any abatement of the repugnance she had to being taught. I begged she might have a French Governess; it was allowed and very luckily a prudent person was found for the purpose. I continued my lessons for a whole winter, and very tedious they proved to the young Lady. She told me without ceremony, that she hated me. Had I not been sure that she was mistress of a great wit and a good heart, I shou'd have given up all hopes, but when you have those good qualities to deal with, you may depend upon success sooner or later in this kind of enterprise. I went on very regularly and lost three hours every week, and her parents had the good sense

sense not to think their money lost. The next year my charge was in a way that she would hear me. Her aversion diminished tho' not very perceptibly. I took care always to commend, when a proper occasion offered, and winked at smaller faults, that I might not be under a necessity of reprimanding. This method had very good effect. The child owned that she began to abate in her dislike of me; at last she was glad to see me and desired to have longer lessons. May this example be of service to those who meet with such a character! Children of this turn are only to be guided by reason; it requires much prudence to bring them to a sense of their own advantage; and if violent means were to take place, no good could come of it; very great progress is made among such characters with a seeming loss of time. The method which met with success here would have been the ruin of an indolent child, or of an indifferent genius. The last are to be treated with kindness, tho' with less condescension; but I should never make an end upon this subject; and for farther satisfaction on this point I must dismiss my reader to the work itself.

The first stage of adolescence is not the only time, that young Ladies want help and instruction, the last decides for life, as they then chuse a state. Hence their Magazine must take in all the precautions necessary to enter upon a married state or to determine for a single life. Endeavours must be used to lay before young persons the inconveniencies, the dangers and the advantages of a state,

a state, which they are no longer at liberty to change for another; and lastly young Ladies must be guarded by proper advice against the immoderate desire they have and the pains they take to appear agreeable, which they pretext under the specious shew of being necessary to arrive at a proper settlement. Nothing shall be forgot that can answer the ends proposed in this work; and I shall think my pains well bestowed, if it prove useful to the young persons, for whose advantage it is undertaken.

Some will think, that the morning instructions to be given here are too serious for ladies from fifteen to eighteen years of age. But, to satisfy this objection, I need only acquaint my readers, that I have merely writ down the conversations that have passed between me and my scholars; and experience has taught me that those instructions are not above their reach. Among my young people there are children of twelve years of age that will not let a sophism be passed upon them for a syllogism, and they will tell you very gravely of a book they are reading: *The author has taken leave of his subject; he says very weak things. His principle is false; his inferences must be so.* What is more my young ladies will prove it. We dont frame a true judgment of the capacity of children; nothing is out of their reach, if they are taught by little and little to form an argument, or rather to discourse on a subject. Now-a-days ladies read all sorts of books, history, politicks, philosophy and even such as concern religion. They should there-

therefore be in a condition to judge solidly of what they read and able to discern truth from falshood. Before I resolved to publish any thing concerning this matter, I tried two years successively what young ladies were capable of, and, after repeated trials, was fully convinced, that we are all born geometers, and that it is no such hard task to bring soon to light and to display the connate geometrical ideas of children twelve year old. To give still farther satisfaction to the reader, nothing shall appear in this work, that was not well understood by eight young ladies of that age. Their objections shall be repeated as they made them; if they are found too much above their years, the blame must not fall upon me but the young ladies, who have too much wit for their age. But as I write chiefly for their benefit, I cannot be dispensed from writing what, I know, is agreeable to them, and no ways above their reach.



NAMES OF THE LADIES INCLUDED
 in the following Dialogue.

were Characters of the
 Miller's Magazine, to
 which the Reader is
 referred.

Miss Sophia,
 Miss Maria, her
 Younger Sister,
 Mr. Richard,
 Miss Victoria,
 Miss Amelia,
 Miss Louisa,
 Miss Emily,
 Miss Anne,
 Miss Margaret,
 Miss Elizabeth,
 Miss Hannah,

NAMES of the LADIES introduced in the following Dialogues.

Lady SENSIBLE,	}	were Characters of the Misses Magazine to which the Reader is referred.
Lady WITTY,		
Lady TEMPEST,		
Lady CHARLOTTE,		
Lady MARY,		
Miss MOLLY,		

Miss SOPHIA,	12	}	Years of Age.
Miss BELLA her younger Sister,	11		
Miss RURAL,	14		
Lady VIOLENT,	8		
Mrs. AFFABLE,			
Lady LOUISA,	17		
Lady LUCY,	18		
Miss ZINNA,	18		
Miss FRIVOLOUS,	18		
Lady SINCERE,	17		
Miss FANNY,	5		



THE
YOUNG LADIES
MAGAZINE.
DIALOGUE I.

Lady Mary.

AH! *Mrs. Affable!* what a long time has passed, since we had the pleasure of seeing you? You promised you would but stay half a year, and you have almost made it two. I have had a sad tedious time on't, and I am really grown quite naughty, but, thank God, you are now come back for good and all; and I hope you will help me to correct my faults.

Mrs. Affable. Very willingly, my dear lady, let me embrace you. Lord! how you are grown! and, lady *Witty!* you are actually as tall as I am. I could not have known you again, ladies. To be sure, you have improved in mind in proportion to your growth.

Lady Witty. But so, so, *Mrs. Affable,* sometimes well, sometimes ill. I shall give you an account of all that has happened in your absence; you will perceive, that I have not always been good, but I have not always been out of the way neither.

Mrs. Affable. Still this is something, my dear lady; you have strove against your passions; go on,

VOL. I.

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you

you must get the better at last. And you, lady *Charlotte*, how have you behaved?

Lady Charlotte. *Niama* will tell you, *Mrs. Affable*.

Mrs. Affable. I am sure you have been a good girl, but you are loth to praise yourself. And here is miss *Molly* that says not a word, and keeps up close in a corner, and quite ashamed. What can be the meaning?

Miss Molly. It means that you will turn me out of doors, when you know the ugly custom I have got since you went to *France*. I am grown such a liar, that now I can't tell when I lie.

Mrs. Affable. Reason enough to be ashamed, my dear, but not to lose courage. I hope the last lie is told. You have given an account, ladies, of yourselves, and now I must tell you of lady *Sensible* and lady *Tempest*, whom I never left the whole time of our long journey. They have been so good, so tractable, that I can only be proud of their behaviour.

Lady Witty. That was no very hard task. Were I constantly in company that would be so kind as to mind me of my failings, I think I should very soon commit no fault.

Mrs. Affable. One would think lady *Witty* is jealous.

Lady Witty. I really am, *Mrs. Affable*; but you must excuse me. I don't envy the ladies their happiness, I only wish to be as happy, and that all the world was so. If I begged a favour, *Mrs. Affable*, would you grant it?

Mrs. Affable. Yes, madam, if it lay in my power.

Lady Witty. What I am about to ask certainly does. I have made an acquaintance with three young ladies. They are the best girls in the world,
and

and absolutely long to be your scholars. Two of them are big girls and older than I am; the other is about my age. I have so often repeated the lessons you have been pleased to give me and these ladies, that they know them by heart. May I be allowed to introduce them the next time I come?

Mrs. *Affable*. It will please me much, particularly, as you assure me, that they are very desirous of being instructed. How do you call the ladies?

Lady *Witty*. Lady *Louisa*, lady *Lucy*, and miss *Rural*. The last is not in town, cannot bear it, and lives altogether in the country; but she assures me, that she will leave it with pleasure, if you will admit her as a scholar.

Mrs. *Affable*. I shall be glad to see that little town-bater. And I must now give you notice of three other ladies, whose company we are to have; two I have been long acquainted with; I know very little of the third; her name is lady *Violent*. But the lady her mother begs she may come to our lessons; I gave her a few before I left England; the poor child did not understand a word of French; and I fear her time here will be very tedious.

Lady *Mary*. It shall be my business to teach her French; her mother is an intimate of *mama's*. She has a great share of wit, they say, and that she is very naughty, and extremely passionate.

Mrs. *Affable*. As for you I must needs say you have a very ill tongue, and that is far worse than being passionate.

Lady *Mary*. You are much in the right, Mrs. *Affable*; this is another ugly trick I have got whilst you was at Paris. You will find out a great many more. For example, I am grown quite whimsical as they tell me; and it makes *mama* and my governess very uneasy.

Mrs. *Affable*. This is frightful, dear lady *Mary*; pray tell me what kind of things these freaks and whims are. I would gladly see one of them.

Lady *Mary*. That can't be Mrs. *Affable*; my whims dread you as much as they do the fire; and I know they dare not appear before you. But they seize me in this manner; at first I shall be very hearty without knowing why or wherefore. I sing, I skip, till I am much tired, and when I am quite spent, I am out of all temper, and if any thing happen to displease me, I am just like a little fiend; I cry out and strike every body. Then, suppose I am for one thing, I immediately change, and am against it, and as soon again for it. After all this I am very angry, that I have behaved so ill; the next thing is to cry out of vexation for having offended God, *mama* and *mademoiselle*. And this is the life I have led since I saw you last.

Mrs. *Affable*. This gives me very great concern, my dear; and my only comfort is the hopes I have of your using the utmost efforts to correct this fault.

Lady *Mary*. In good truth, Mrs. *Affable*, were it left to my choice, I would rather fast a week on bread and water, than do the like again. But when the freak takes me, I take no farther thought of that, and only think of bawling and making a noise. I am sure to be in the right, whilst the fit of passion lasts; and never yield myself to be in the wrong, till all is over.

Mrs. *Affable*. I know it to be so, my dear, and I love you for being so sincere; and will take an advantage from your openness and candor to find proper remedies to remove a disorder of the mind, which is also owing to a weakness of the body. The first remedy is prayer. Every morning and evening beg of God to give you the grace of amendment as

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to this particular ; the second is to desire your governess not to fail reminding you, when she observes that immoderate flow of spirits, that it exhausts you, and leaves you quite dejected, and without strength to bear up against your passion. You must promise me in the next place to leave all that you are about, and to retire to your room, when your governess gives you this warning. There you shall pray upon both knees, and reflect, that you are in the presence of God. How comes it my dear ? You say, that your whims dare not appear before me, and yet they dare appear in the presence of God, which you cannot avoid, and whole power is able to punish you any instant. You offend to his face so good and tender a parent, who loves you, and showers down so many blessings upon you. Go, my dear ! think of this seriously, and, my word for it, you will not hear any farther complaints of your whims.

Lady *Witty*. Surely these ladies have seen many fine things in France. Won't they favour us with an account of what they have found most remarkable ?

Mrs. *Affable*. You must make your court to lady *Tempest* ; she has wrote some remarks by way of a journal :

Miss *Molly*. What is a journal ?

Mrs. *Affable*. That is, she has set down in the evening the remarks she made in the day.

Lady *Charlotte*. Pray, Mrs. *Affable*, give her leave to read her journal to the company.

Mrs. *Affable*. Sometime or other it shall be read, ladies, but it must be written out fair, it is so ill done, that she could hardly make it out. When lady *Tempest* was but a little one, she minded nothing, she laughed at a writing-master ; but now she repents ; with all the pains she takes to mend her

hand, she writes like a cat, and finds how difficult it is to leave off bad habits, contracted in one's infancy.

Miss *Molly*. Why has not lady *Sensible* made a journal?

Mrs. *Affable*. That was needless after her cousin had undertaken it; and besides she was taken up in a different way. She has made very pretty fairy-tales, fables, and some other little pieces, which shall also be read here.

Lady *Mary*. She is happy to be blessed with so much wit. When I was in Ireland we had no books, and time went on very heavily. I thought to myself, as I have no novel to read, I will make one. This ran in my head all night; and with much ado I made up a little, and a very short tale. My governess fancied I was much out of order, as I would not breakfast, before I had wrote out my tale.

Lady *Charlotte*. I assure you, Mrs. *Affable*, that it is a very pretty one. Lady *Mary* read it to me, and I was prodigiously diverted.

Mrs. *Affable*. I hope she will favour us with it.

Lady *Mary*. Oh no! Mrs. *Affable*, it is so ill done; and these ladies could only laugh at me.

Mrs. *Affable*. You are but eight years of age, and have already all the self-love of an author. Well, my dear! Will you tell me the truth, if I ask a question?

Lady *Mary*. You know, Mrs. *Affable*, I never deceived you. How can you ask, whether I shall tell the truth?

Mrs. *Affable*. I own myself in the wrong. Liars only are to be mistrusted. That is not your character; you will give me a true answer. Have you not really a mind to read your tale to the ladies; don't you find it pretty as it is; don't you
wrong

wrong your own thoughts, when you say it is but ill done; and would not you be sorry to be believed?

Lady *Mary*. 'Tis very odd, that you should guess so readily at my private thoughts. I was not aware of it, till you made me observe it; and now I find that I spoke less favorably of the tale, that I might engage the ladies to commend it.

Mrs. *Affable*. This is the case with many, who have not your sincerity to own it. Learn this maxim, ladies, never to speak well, or ill of yourselves, or any thing that is yours. Such, as speak to their own disadvantage, desire to be contradicted. We call this *humility with a hook*, for they only stoop or affect appearing humble to hook in praise. Never let yourself be asked a second time, when the company is to be entertained with your talents; nothing is more disagreeable. I have known ladies with charming voices, and the nicest hands for several musical instruments. I never begged a song, tho' I dote on music. An hour must be spent in entreaties, before they shew their talents, and the pleasure of performance is far from a compensation for the trouble the company is at for the purchase of a song. Now, lady *Mary*, let us have your tale.

Lady *Witty*. After it is ended I shall beg leave to ask Mrs. *Affable* a question.

Lady *Mary*. Once upon a time

Mrs. *Affable*. If lady *Mary* had desired to shew her good breeding, she would have said to lady *Witty*, madam, I beg that I may not put off your question; the story may be told afterwards. Endeavour, my dear, another time to observe these niceties. This is being civil and polite. We must never, in good manners, pretend to be above others, but

but on the contrary give them the preference. Now, my dear, go on.

Lady *Mary* (a). There was once upon a time a farmer; he had been very rich, and was grown very poor. He had two daughters, *Betsey* and *Laura*. *Betsey* was the elder, a very great beauty, but conscious and proud of being a *Belle*. She only loved her own dear self, was hardhearted to the poor, and had no complaisance for any one. She loved no kind of work; indeed, she feared spoiling her hands; and would not go into the fields, till her father had repeated his commands twenty times at least; she said it would hurt her complexion. *Laura*, the younger sister had been very beautiful before the small pox; but this disorder had ruined her for a beauty, without giving her any great concern, as she laid no great stress on this fading flower. She was loved by all the neighbours; in reality, she endeavoured to oblige all the world, and frequently deprived herself of the bread she gave to the poor. Though *Betsey* the elder sister, did not love her, she laid hold of all opportunities to please her, and took upon her all the work of the house, to save her the trouble. One day, as the two sisters milked the cows, a wealthy gentleman, that passed by, was struck with the beauty of the elder sister. He asked her some questions; he found she had a great deal of wit, and was quite enamoured. *Betsey* was charmed with the adventure; she concluded, that by marrying this gentleman, she should come up and live in town, where she could find plenty of diversions. The gentleman asked her, who that ugly creature was, that retired almost as soon as he came in sight (for *Laura* did not think it handsome

(a) This little novel is the composition of a child, and given here as she made it. Lady *Sophia Carteret*, who is the author, was not ten years old at that time.

in

*i*n a young woman to stand talking with your fine gentlemen of the town, who are only upon the catch to deceive country girls), 'Tis my sister, said *Betsy*, a poor, soft creature, and only fit for the bustle of a country-life. I am tired to death with it, amongst such coarse neighbours; and I daily shed many a tear, and lament my not being born at court. You are too beautiful, said the gentleman, to stay in the country. I must first settle some affairs; and then, if you like me, I will propose a match to your father. *Betsy*, who was ready to die with joy, assured the gentleman she loved him extremely, even to folly. Mean while the farmer was quite out of temper at his eldest daughter's not coming back, and swore he would lay his hands on her, when she did. *Laura* slips out of the house to go and tell her sister, that her father was very angry. That moment a poor woman came up with three small children to the two sisters, and protested, that the poor babes had not had a bit to eat of 24 hours, and she begged they would bestow some charity for their relief. Go, good woman, said the eldest, *one meets with nothing but beggars, that will not let people be quiet.* Fair and softly, said *Laura*, if you will give her nothing, don't abuse her. And taking a shilling out of her pocket (it was her all) she gave it the poor woman. *Betsy* made a jest of her sister, and said, *you must be very silly; here, you have been three months getting up this shilling to go to the poppet-show, and now part with it to this wretch.* I can be without the show, *Laura* replied, *but this poor woman must have bread for her children.* You are the more a fool for believing her, *Betsy* took her up, *perhaps she has more money than you, and will spend your shilling in some diversion.* That may be, says *Laura*, *but as she may also have told a true story, I had rather run the hazard of being deceived, than be hard-hearted.*

The gentleman heard all their discourse with the greatest attention, and said to the two sisters, *My pretty girls, let there be no more words; here is each of you four pieces, and you may go to the shew, when you please. I am greatly obligated to you, Sir,* Laura said, and made a very low courtesy, *but as I am in no want of money, give me leave not to accept yours. A prudent young woman, must never accept any thing from men; but yet, if you are so desirous to make me a present, because you are so generous; bestow this gold on that poor woman; and I shall esteem it as great an obligation, as if I had received it my self.* With that she went off. *Never do it,* says Betsey to the gentleman. *Did not I tell you, that my sister was a poor silly creature? Who ever heard of giving four guineas to such an object, when we have so many things to buy. Now, Sir, give me the money my sister refused, and I will give this woman the shilling I have.*

The gentleman answered, *You shall have the eight guineas; but this must not hinder me giving the four; they are your sister's, since I made her a present of them; and she was at liberty to dispose of them, as she pleased.*

When Betsey left this gentleman, his head was full of very serious reflections. *Good God! thought he, Why is the younger sister less beautiful than the elder, or why does the elder want the sense of the younger? After all, it is a madness to marry a pretty face, and not a person of character and worth. If I marry Betsey, and she be taken the next day with the small pox, there would be nothing left.*

Mean while, away sets Betsey and tells her father, what a great lady she was to be; and that a noble lord had promised her marriage. At first her father laughed at her, but upon her shewing the guineas and her acquainting him, that my lord was to come again the next day, he was at a non-plus.

Betsey

Betsey made all the haste she could to buy up all the ribbands and lace in the village, and set all the seamstresses and work-women to work. At night she dressed herself out, and away to the poppet show. His lordship was not expected till the day following, and *Betsey* was loth to miss this opportunity of appearing. All this time her lover was in great agitations and knew not how to resolve. *Betsey's* behaviour was very forward; he observed that she was hard-hearted, interested and selfish; but then she was so beautiful, that he could not forbear excusing her. *If she was eager for a little money, she only wanted it, he thought, to dress more agreeably and to please me. She loves me, he said, I could discover it in her looks.* This gentleman had a valet de chambre, a lad of wit, and who in pity shrugged up his shoulders, whilst he heard his master talk at this wild rate. *What dost thou laugh at says his lord? Laugh? says he, I am much more disposed to cry. You believe, my lord, that little animal loves you; but let me tell you, she only loves your money. Give me leave to put on your best suit; I will give myself out for a duke; and though I am heartily ugly, I know she will sooner marry me, than your lordship. Do so, says my Lord; it is but three miles to my seat of Ch——nt; take my last birth-day suit, that embroidered in gold; and come back to me, you will find me at this tavern.*

Whilst this masquerade was getting ready, poor *Laura* was in great trouble. She thought this gentleman very amiable, and she found an inclination coming on for him against her will; when her sister accosted her and not without scolding her very roundly acquainted her with the success of her generosity. *Truely, says she, it becomes you mightily to be generous with other peoples money. I shall never forgive the four guineas.* This account of his noble charity

entirely

entirely gained him *Laura's* heart. As she feared discovering her inclination, she resolved not to be at home, when he came. But she was fairly caught; she saw him come that evening and endeavoured to retire. He came alone; his man understanding that *Betsy* was gone to the shew, went thither in his master's coach. This gentleman desired of the farmer to let *Laura* keep him company till her sister returned; she complied in duty to her father's orders. The conversation began with a request to *Laura*, that she would acquaint him with her sister's imperfections. But *Laura* far from taking any such advantage to lessen his good opinion of *Betsy*, said all the handsome things she could of her sister without prejudice to truth, and endeavoured to excuse her failings. Mean time the counterfeit duke was vowing and protesting to the proud country-lads, that she was the greatest beauty in the world, and that he should esteem himself more than happy, if she would condescend to be a dutchess by marrying her humble servant. *Betsy*, who had only pretended to love her first spark out of mere ambition and interest, thought it more advantageous to be a dutchess than barely a lady, and advised the new-fangled duke to make haste and obtain her father's consent before a certain gentleman in the country came to make proposals. The *valet de chambre* coached her home; but though it was excessive cold, all the glasses must be let down that she might be seen by her neighbour in the village. Guess how she was surprised to find her first lover at her father's; but however when he reproached her with inconstancy, she recovered her spirits so far as to tell him, that she was only in jest, and had never loved him. *Take my sister to comfort you*, said she, and laughed at him to his face in a most insulting and scornful manner. *That is*

not

not so ill advised, he replied, and if *Laura* will but consent, I shall think myself extremely happy in receiving her from her father's hands. *Laura* cast her eyes down, but this did not hinder the gentleman perceiving, that she had no aversion to the match; and she assured him very modestly, that she esteemed his person for his virtue, more than for his riches. The marriage contract was drawn up and signed; the valet de chambre having laid down the duke, came in his usual cloths to wait upon his master and informed *Betsy* he had only jested with her. *Betsy*'s despair lasted as long as her life; no one would be troubled with a woman of her character; she lived to be old and ugly, and never had any offer made her; whereas *Laura* lived quite happy with her husband.

Mrs. *Affable*. Indeed, lady *Mary*, this little novel is perfectly well contrived. Virtue is rewarded, and vice punished. Something though seems to be wanting; should not *Laura* after her marriage have been very kind to her parents, and even to her ill-tempered sister.

Lady *Mary*. Very right, Mrs. *Affable*, that should have been. Lady *Witty* was about asking you a question?

Lady *Witty*. You said, Mrs. *Affable*, that we must never talk of ourselves, or any thing that belongs to us. What can we talk of? why, really, nothing else pleases us

Mrs. *Affable*. I am very glad lady *Witty*, that you have asked this question; it gives me an opportunity to speak of several important matters, which I beg you will hear with attention. I have read in a pretty sort of a fairy-tale the description of the *Temple of Self-love*. It is extremely well suited to explain what I am about to say.

A prince

A prince was led by *Love* to this temple, and was accosted by an officer, a military man, who pluck'd him by the sleeve and said, *This temple was raised to preserve the memory of all the great actions I have performed in my life. Do you see that figure upon the altar? It represents me; the statue is universally admired and respected by all. The paintings that adorn the temple are all the battles and sieges that I have been engaged in. Never mind that dotard, says a beautiful woman, that took the prince by the other arm, is it not as clear as noon-day, that I am the person represented upon the altar; and that the incense, which smoakes there, is offered to me? The pictures are drawn for a crowd of lovers that wore my chains. Really madam, says a poet, I can't but admire you and your fine fancies. I am the only person adored in the temple; to be convinced, read that writing in the first picture. 'Tis an ode I made when I was a mere youth. That other picture represents one of my comedies. Take notice of that throng of spectators seized with admiration; they are wholly taken up with me and the performance. You are all mad, says the prince; who has plac'd my statue upon the altar I cannot say, but there I am; and the pictures describe the famous ebaces that I have seen when I hunted. Love, who had guided the prince to the temple explained the riddle and struck him with a passion for a charming princess; upon which all other objects disappeared; and he could only see the object he loved. Henceforward, says *Love* to him, be convinced, that *self-love* persuades mortals, that the whole world is only taken up with them, their talents, their wit, and interest; and that they continually strive to keep up this idea of themselves, without once thinking, that *all* are too full of *self-love* to think of any thing else.*

Remember these last words, ladies; that same *self-love* which engages you to speak of yourselves,
pos-

possesses the persons that hear you; they think they are wronged by your pretensions to be the figure upon the altar, and will leave no means untried to be placed there even at your expence. Would you be loved and be in request with all, cast *self-love* aside, and find room in your heart for the love and esteem of others. Instead of breaking their heads with what concerns you, and is nothing to them, speak of their affairs, hear their long and tedious narratives with complaisance; let them think, that you see them with pleasure upon the altar, and that you are sincerely pleased with the esteem which they think to have deserved.

Lady *Witty*. And whilst I applaud the *self-love* of others, what will become of mine? It must make a very mean figure. I am willing, that others should have their share of esteem and respect; it would be unjust to claim it all. But why may not every one have their turn?

Mrs. *Affable*. Nothing, my dear, is more natural than your apprehension in this regard; and I am charmed with your sincerity. You are concerned for the figure your own *self-love* would make. If it was well apprised of it's own interest, it would soon be satisfied, that it appears with the greatest advantage; for nothing can please more than to leave your company charmed with your behaviour, to see that they are sorry to part, and glad to meet again, with you. Commonly speaking our *self-love* is too coarse to relish this exquisite and refined pleasure; and the passion thinks itself wronged, when it is not at liberty to trample all the world under foot. If this be the case, ladies, let *self-love* fret and complain, 'tis an ungracious guest and it were to be wished, that it found so poor a welcome amongst us, as to seek other quarters.

Lady

Lady Sensible. But, *Mrs. Affable*, you often say *our self-love*; why should you be brought in? Have you any *self-love*? I could never perceive it.

Lady Mary. I am sharper sighted, than you are, madam; I have observed that defect in *Mrs. Affable*. You wont be angry, *Mrs. Affable*; for you have often said that you loved such as told you of your failings.

Mrs. Affable. I am still in the same mind, my dear; and to shew how thankful I am for the good office, I promise you a very pretty book. And now, dear lady *Mary*, tell me in what particular I have betrayed *self-love*.

Lady Mary. Why; you speak too often in commendation of these ladies and me. We are in a manner your children, *Mrs. Affable*; and in as much as you love us and are taken up with us, you imagine all the world must be so too. There is a lady, a friend of yours; she says she is just wearied with that sort of talk.

Mrs. Affable. That lady, my dear, is no friend. Don't tell who she is; I should be so angry, at her.

Lady Mary. How so! would you be angry because she has discovered a fault of yours?

Mrs. Affable. Not for finding out a fault, but for that she has not been so kind as to give me a friendly warning. You are my good friend, lady *Mary*, and I can never forget the kind service you have done me. I must confess, children, I speak too often of you, but 'tis because I love you, and I cannot say but it is with some return on myself for the pleasure of having my talents admired in the progress of yours. I am not unlike superannuated grandmothers, who take pride in the beauty of their grand-daughters, because it may be thought from the beauty of their posterity, that they

they have formerly been beautiful themselves. Well ladies, I promise to mend; and this may encourage others that see my defects, to let me know the same. It is time to part, dear children. This shall go for a visit, and no lesson; tho' I think it has been very long.

Lady *Witty*. And I think it has been very short. Visits, conversations, lessons, 'tis all one to me, and I look upon them as pastimes.

Mrs. *Affable*. It pleases me much, my dear, to find you in these sentiments. You will bring your ladies to our next meeting. Let them come early, that we may make some little acquaintance before the lesson. Now I must tell you we shall have another lady, lady *Sincere*. I hope you will all love her, as much as I do, for, indeed, she is very amiable.

DIALOGUE II.

Mrs. AFFABLE, Lady WITTY, Miss RURAL.

Lady *Witty*.

GIVE me leave Mrs. *Affable* to introduce, Miss *Rural*; she longed so for the honour of your acquaintance, that she would not wait for the other young ladies, our friends.

Mrs. *Affable*. I am greatly pleased with what you say and much obliged to you. As I am a stranger to the young lady, her impatience must be the effect of the good character you have given me. I must endeavour to keep up to the favourable idea she has formed of me, from what you have said to my advantage. She looks very bashful. You must be under no fear, *Miss*; you don't
come

come to school here, but a meeting of young ladies. We have no flattery, no restraint or dissimbling amongst us. Lady *Witty* tells me you have lived altogether in the country; the simplicity of our conversation will be the more agreeable.

Miss *Rural*. Yes, Madam!

Mrs. *Affable*. Do you like the French language; can you speak it a little.

Miss *Rural*. I like the language very well; but I speak it ill.

Mrs. *Affable*. You tremble, child, and scarce dare open your mouth. You must not be afraid of me; if you are, you will never love me.

Miss *Rural*. Oh, no! I am not afraid of you.

Lady *Witty*. I am really out of all patience. I am sure, Mrs. *Affable*, takes you for a *nuddy*. Well! I have been caught once. Your *Mama* might say what she would to mine, of your wit and capacity; I laughed and did not believe a word of it.

Mrs. *Affable*. You are much too hasty in judging. Miss is bashful and under some confusion; that may not prevent us so much in her favour; but it would be extremely cruel to judge from mere appearances. An ancient used to say, *speak, that I may know thee*. We must wait for this proof; otherwise we may easily mistake. Miss has only spoke four words, but they were all much to the purpose. Besides, my dear, it requires a great deal of wit to shew a very moderate capacity in a language, which one does not possess. The difficulty of finding readily proper terms clogs the imagination. Pray tell me, dear Miss, why you prefer the country to the town.

Miss *Rural*. I know the advantages of the country, and am not sure the town will afford the like; so that I rather fear, than hate the town.

Mrs. *Affable*. Upon my word a most sensible an-

answer! prudent persons cannot forbear being under some apprehension, when they change their situation. How do you spend your time in the country, Miss?

Miss *Rural*. Walking about, reading, visiting, and being visited by young ladies of our acquaintance.

Mrs. *Affable*. And, pray Miss; what books have you read.

Miss *Rural*. *Herodotus*, some part of the *Roman* history, a great number of Sermons, the *Spectator* and Mr. *Locke's* works.

Mrs. *Affable*. What! believe me, these books are for almost grown up young women. What is your opinion of Mr. *Locke*!

Miss *Rural*. My opinion is . . . but here come a great many ladies. Give me leave to hear and to say no more. I have no difficulty to speak before you; but before these ladies I cannot.

Lady *Louisa*. I come Mrs. *Affable* in hopes that you will confirm by word of mouth the leave you gave us by lady *Witty*, to wait upon you and to be admitted in quality of your scholars. I speak for myself and company; lady *Lucy* is so bashful, that one would take her to be in an ague-fit by her trembling, and I dare say she will not venture to open her mouth this week.

Mrs. *Affable*. She shall be with Miss *Rural*; they will I hope, recover this bashfulness one as soon as the other. But, ladies, there is one thing gives me some concern. We have several younger ladies in our society; and I must make use of the plainest terms and clearest expressions to place their instructions more within their reach. This, ladies, will be tedious, I fear.

Lady *Lucy*. For my part I should be very sorry to be the least hindrance to those ladies. Pray, Mrs. *Affable*, forget our age; we shall be very happy,

happy, I speak of myself at least, to know as much as they do.

Lady *Louisa*. Upon my word, Mrs. *Affable*, you have set out here with a miracle. For I can safely say, that more than half of lady *Lucy's* acquaintance have never heard her say so much at once.

Mrs. *Affable*. This bears cruelly hard on your friend, Madam; you must give me leave to take her part a little. To be too bashful is certainly a defect; but becomes a young lady much more than the opposite extreme, so common at present. Ask lady *Sensible*, what she thinks.

Lady *Sensible*. If I must give my opinion, Mrs. *Affable*, I must own to these ladies, that I took great offence at the strange freedom I observed among the young ladies in *France*, and chiefly the married women. I was partly in the wrong, for Mrs. *Affable* convinced me, that this did not hinder their being very discreet withal; but, in reality, that free, bold, thoughtless air made me put a quite contrary construction on their behaviour; and I have found several foreign gentlemen in the same way of thinking.

Mrs. *Affable*. Excesses are always to be avoided; and a modest assurance is very commendable. Ah! here are two young ladies that I have the honour of introducing to this company. Good morrow to you, ladies. Well! you are very desirous to be perfect in your *French* and to learn all that I teach these ladies; are you not?

Miss *Sophia*. Yes indeed, dear Mrs. *Affable*. I assure you I have not slept of all night; I longed so to see you.

Miss *Bella*. The desire of learning is the distemper of the whole family; my poor little sister *Fanny* cried sadly, when we came away. It was to no purpose to tell her, that she did not talk *French* and

and could not come with us; she begun to understand it she said; and I was fain to promise I would ask your leave to bring her to you the next time.

Mrs. *Affable*. How old is she?

Miss *Sophia*. Five and a half; but then she is extremely sensible of her age. She has learn't to read *French* and to write in forty eight lessons and last summer she taught her little sister, who can also read *French*.

Mrs. *Affable*. She deserves the favour you ask for her; pray bring her to the next lesson; I am very willing she should come. Now we only want lady *Violent*; but here she is. Good morrow to you, Madam.

Lady *Violent*. Good morrow!

Mrs. *Affable*. Now we must take up again the history of the Holy Scripture, where we broke off. Who was to begin, children? I have really forgot. Lady *Violent*, you look mightily out of sorts.

Lady *Violent*. I look as I really am. I hate *French*, and Mrs. *Affable* I don't like you at all. 'Tis much against my will I come hither, but Mama will have it so. I must obey and am sure to have a tedious time on't.

Mrs. *Affable*. And I am sure that it will prove otherwise, and that you will dote on me before three months are over. You shake your head, and don't believe a word I say; but I know lady *Violent* better than she does herself. You have a great share of wit; and it is impossible for you not to be pleased at last with our exercises. As to myself, Madam, my pride is not a little concerned. You say you don't love me. I must battle it out with you to gain that heart; we shall see in the end, who gets the better.

Lady

Lady Violent. I cannot but smile at your battling; what if you don't get the better? If I go on, and neither like you nor your lessons; will you promise me your interest with *mama* to prevail upon her, never to send me hither again?

Mrs. Affable. That I will, and I engage my word of honour. Fix your own time for the trial. I could venture a wager, that three months hence you would be extremely mortified not to frequent our lessons any longer.

Lady Violent. I have seen you often enough these two years, and the miracle you promised is still to come. And all this time I have been heartily tired of you and your lessons.

Mrs. Affable. Had I been in your room, my dear, I should have been still more weary than you. Then I only put words into your little noddle, which is made for *things*, and not mere *words*. Now that you know French, you will understand what is said, and, I repeat it once more, it will be impossible for you to dislike our exercises. For my part I shall be so fond of you, that I defy you to be ungrateful. I can work miracles; do you hear, my dear. Ask lady *Charlotte* and lady *Tempest*. They were two little lions, and I made them lambs. Don't you remember, ladies, that just before I went for France, lady *Charlotte* gave her maid a box on the ear; and that I desired her, by way of repairing this fault, to wait upon her maid at table, which lady *Tempest* said, would make the maid very saucy. Ask whether it turned out so.

Lady Charlotte. Quite contrary, ladies; the poor creature would not sit down; she was all in tears, and would by no means comply, till I prevailed with repeated intreaties. Ever since that, she has been much better tempered, and has begged my pardon a hundred times; indeed she has not yet forgiven

forgiven Mrs. *Affable*, for being, she says, the cause of all this ado.

Mrs. *Affable*. Lady *Charlotte* has not told all, ladies; it is but just, that as I have put her upon declaring her misdeeds, I should make known her good actions. Some days after she had done this penance, as she was coming home from airing, she bought a handkerchief, and two yards of ribband, to make a present to her maid. Pray, my dear, what did you mean by this present?

Lady *Charlotte*. I feared she might think I had complied with the penance in spite, and against my will. And to shew that I obeyed willingly and freely, and that I was not at all sorry, that she had sat down at my request to be waited on; I thought it would look well, if I made her a present of that trifle.

Mrs. *Affable*. You thought, and acted like a young lady of great sense. Have not I told you, ladies, that the *dragoons*, as I call them, or the sturdy and high-spirited ones, always turned out the best. Ask dear lady *Charlotte*, whether she did not feel a sensible pleasure in obeying, and submitting to that humiliation. After all, she had behaved like a servant, when she struck her maid; nay, she had debased herself, she came down far below the degree of her maid, by yielding to her passion; nor could she recover her rank, but by a reparation of her fault.

Lady *Charlotte*. After I had done it, I assure you, Mrs. *Affable*, that I was as light as a feather. I remembered the princess you mentioned, who repaired the fault she had committed, by chiding, without reason, a woman of her wardrobe; this took off the dread I had of the penance; for, thought I, she was a much greater lady, than I can pretend to be.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. A silly girl asked me the other day, what purpose all this reading served. Now, you see it, ladies. We meet in books with many examples, that encourage virtue. Lady *Charlotte* made her advantage of that of Mademoiselle de *Beaujollois* to repair her fault.

Miss *Molly*. You promised us some farther particulars about that princess and her sister.

Mrs. *Affable*. Her sister married the prince of *Conti*, and led the life of an angel in the midst of a court. As she gave herself wholly to devotion, she left off putting on any paint, and was very loth to lose time in dressing. It was observed to her, that this alteration was disagreeable to the prince, upon which she took care to dress, and set herself out as usual. She was persuaded, that great devotion was not inconsistent with submission, and her best endeavours to please her husband. I saw her about a fortnight before her death; she was surprisingly beautiful. The princess was about twenty three years of age, and did not shew the least regret and repugnance to leave the world. She was most perfectly resigned to the dispensations of providence; she never made the least complaint of her physicians, though it was generally thought they had occasioned her death by letting her blood too often.

Lady *Witty*. Oh! what pity, that so beautiful and so virtuous a princess should be taken off in the flower of her youth! Pray, what became of her sister?

Mrs. *Affable*. She died of the small-pox, when she was but eighteen. Her passions were more violent than her sister's; but, with all her fire and sprightliness, she gave many proofs of good sense, as you have seen; and did many good actions. Her heart was as noble as her birth. She would play
and

and game for her women and the poor, that is, she gave all that she won. I had this account from one so entirely devoted to her, that though the princess left her a yearly pension, she could never get over her death, and in a short time died herself of a broken heart.

Lady Witty. It would be a pleasure to be kind to servants, if they would be grateful; but the most part have no affection for their masters and only serve for their own ends.

Mrs. Affable. I might answer that good must be done, merely to be recompensed by the gratitude of the persons we have benefited, but out of christian and humane motives; but let these be dropt. You say that you are served by your domestics from interested views. Pray, what other motive can they have, when they are treated with harshness and pride, which dispose their self-love to revolt; for they have their share of self-love as well as we? Do you desire that they should be well affected to you? Shew your affection to them, look upon them as your children; they will love you as their mother. Commiserate their want, don't offer to crush them under the weight of authority; they will respect your rank, love your person, and, you may depend upon it, will come down, and very freely, lower than you would venture to require of them. But you must observe, ladies, that I only insist upon being kind to, not meanly familiar with them; that would bring you into contempt, never let your maid be your confident. Avoid, with care, all occasions for such services from them as you would not willingly own. This would make you dependent, and take away the liberty of checking them, when they are in fault.

Lady Sensible. May I have leave to entertain the ladies with the account of two slaves, who sacrificed their lives for their masters?

Mrs. Affable. You are very welcome, my dear. We have read it in a romance; there may be some dash of the fable in the circumstances. The substance is certainly true; and the fact has happened more than once among the Romans; they treated their slaves with great humanity; these in return were very affectionate to their masters.

Lady Sensible. Nero the Roman emperor was very wicked and cruel. Two strangers, who had prevented his carrying off a woman he fell in love with, were destined to fall victims to his rage. As no action lay against them, who had committed no crime, he chose to have them privately murdered. They had each a faithful slave, who discovered the Emperor's design against their masters, and took the generous resolution to venture their lives to save theirs. The masters were then in the country, and one of the slaves sent them a letter to this purpose.

Upon the receipt of this leave Italy; your lives are in danger; but as you cannot retire to any place out of the Tyrant's dominions, change your names. We will return to you, when it shall please the Gods.

The two strangers knowing the fidelity of their servants, followed the advice given them, though they were not acquainted with their reasons. Mean while the slaves, who were apprised, that the house was to be broke open at night, put on each a suit of their master's; but upon reflection that their imposing upon the Tyrant would be discovered after their death, they took knives and cut their faces in such a manner, that it would be impossible to know them again. They executed their design with courage; the murderers came in,

in, and soon laid the generous slaves on the floor, who wallowed in their blood running from the wounds they received from these assassins and from themselves. There happened to be a woman in the house, who at first was under the greatest fright; but when the instruments of *Nero's* cruelty left the house, she went up to the room and found that one of the slaves was not mortally wounded; as she was making all possible diligence to assist him, he would not suffer any dressing, 'till he had sworn her to secrecy. The care she took of the slave was attended with success; and he set out to find his master. The gentleman could not refuse his tears to the melancholy situation he saw his faithful servant in, all disfigured with the gashes he had cut in his face for his sake. He would have divided his fortune with him, but the heroic slave would never forsake his master and ended in his service that life, which he had so generously ventured to save his master's.

Lady Tempest. What need was there of suffering themselves to be murdered? Might not they, as well, and much better, have gone to their masters in the country and escaped with them, as they had time enough to do?

Mrs. Affable. No, my dear; lady *Sensible* observed to you, that *Nero* commanded almost the whole world. To whatever place they might have retired, he would have found means to discover and to destroy them. This was the slaves reason for advising the change of names. The only means to save them was to persuade the tyrant, that they were no more.

Lady Witty. They had noble souls and deserved to be born in a better condition.

Mrs. Affable. Why, my dear? All conditions are equal in the sight of God, and even in the

thoughts of a wise man. There is no such thing as a mean and dishonourable condition. Men indeed disgrace their respective stations, when they do not discharge the duties of their state. All the perfection God requires of them is a faithful compliance with the obligations each have in their rank. Whoever does this deserves respect, and is arrived at the pitch of glory, for which he was destined. Virtue is to be honoured in every rank, even that of a servant. If they chance to fail in their duty, for they are but men, we must take them up with mildness and charity, and bear with defects we cannot correct, provided they are but faults of weakness, inadvertency, and which do not proceed from the malice of a corrupted heart. That mutual forbearance is only what we owe in justice to one another; and it is necessary that those whom we serve should bear with us, as we bear with our servants.

Lady *Witty*. Mrs. *Affable*, we are no one's servants.

Mrs. *Affable*. You are in the right, Madam; the rich are not servants, such as wear liveries; but you and all mankind serve each other, though in a different manner; and this maintains that true order, which is so necessary in the world. The workman serves the merchant that employs him; the merchant those who take off his merchandize. The gentleman serves a great man to enjoy his protection; a great man serves the king and his ministers, in hopes of preferment, places, employs, and of being considered. This mutual service and mutual dependance makes men happy or miserable. If they were virtuous, it must make them happy; it would make them polite, meek, respectful, complaisant and affectionate to one other; it would unite men by the reciprocal want they stand in want of each

each other, and banish all coarse behaviour, impertinence, pride, harshness, and in a word, all the inconveniences that are caused by independance. We are willing to be under some constraint on account of those we want. We endeavour to gain their esteem by a virtuous deportment, their gratitude by faithful services, their friendship by our attachment to them and their interest; we sacrifice our whims and fancies with hopes of being indemnified by their giving up theirs in the same manner. Thus a mutual dependance gives birth to all social virtues. But it happens that this same dependance instead of contributing to our happiness becomes our punishment, when we crush with insolent authority those that want us, and make them pay for the constraint we have been under with regard to persons, by whom we hoped to be benefited. But, ladies, we have spent a good deal of time; and no lesson has yet been repeated. Lady *Sensible*, please to give us some account of the province of *Britany*.

Lady *Sensible*. We have already observed, that the inhabitants of *Great Britain* to avoid being slaves to the *Saxons* crossed the sea and took refuge in the *Gauls*, and in a province called *Armorica*. They were commanded by a prince, whose name was *Conan*, and who in all appearance came to terms with the *Romans* at that time still in possession of the *Gauls*. The new inhabitants of *Armorica* gave it their own name; and when the *Franks* conquered the *Gauls*, *Clovis* chose to treat with them rather than attempt subduing them by force of arms. Their princes had the title of *Dukes*; and promised to pay homage to the kings of *France*. In process of time some of their *dukes* took the stile of *kings*; but *France* obliged them to resume that of *dukes*. A great war broke out in the thirteenth century, and was occasioned by two competitors for the duchy:

France supported one and *England* the other. This was not the only war which *Britany* engaged the *French* in; it was besides a retreat to all the male-content nobles in *France*. At last *Britany* came by right of inheritance to the princess *Anne*, who married king *Charles VIII*, and after his demise *Lewis XII*, by whom she had a daughter called *Jane*, and who was married afterwards to *Francis I*. About that time *Britany*, as I take it, was re-united to *France* never to be dismembered again.

Britany is divided into the upper and lower. The capital of the upper is *Rennes* on the river *la Vilaine*. This city has a parliament and is inhabited by many of the nobles. *Vannes* is the capital of the lower. And here you find *St. Malo's* a very rich trading town. *Nantes* a famed place for its university and commerce; the port of *Brest*, where the royal navy and the grand arsenal of the marine lies, and *Port l'Orient* where the *East-India* company have their ware houses.

This province has bred very great men both for sea and land service, and among others the renowned *Bertrand du Guesclin*, who, from a private gentleman by birth, rose to the degree of *Constable* to the kings of *France* and *Castille*. He was loved and esteemed by all that knew him, even by the *English*, though he was their scourge.

The *Britons* are brave, open and faithful, but violent and rough, and rather too much addicted to drink.

Mrs. *Affable*. Nothing can be better repeated, my dear; but your exact account of *Britany* reminds me, that we were not quite so with respect to *Normandy*, which is also divided into the higher and lower. The capital of the last is *Caen*, and an university like *Oxford* or *Cambridge*. We also forgot the parliament at *Rouen* and the two ports *Dieppe* and

Havre

Havre de Grace in the higher *Normandy*. The last port lies at the mouth of the river *Seine*. The sea or rather the great ocean, which leaves the coast of *Normandy* is called the *British Channel*, or the narrow Seas.

Lady *Louisa*. I am really surpris'd at lady *Sensible's* prodigious memory.

Lady *Lucy*. And I am quite ashamed and now begin to lose courage. I have had masters of geography many years, and 'tis all I can do, to find a town in the map.

Mrs. *Affable*. There is a method to be observed in placing these things properly in one's head; on the other hand there needs not so much memory as you seem to imagine; all that is necessary is a regular process. Now, lady *Charlotte* please to repeat to us a part of the scripture history, and we will close the day; it really begins to be late.

Lady *Charlotte*. When *Abab* reigned in *Israel*, God sent a great prophet; his name was *Elijah*. He went to the king and spoke in these words. *As the Lord God of Israel liveth, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word.* After this *Elijah* by God's special direction retired to a brook, where he was supplied with water, and ravens brought him bread and flesh twice a day. After a while the brook dried up and God said to *Elijah*; *Get thee to Zarephath. . . . I have commanded a woman to sustain thee, whilst the famine lasts.* As *Elijah* came into the town he saw a poor woman gathering of sticks. He called to her and said, *Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water. . . . that I may drink.* And as she was going to fetch it, he called to her and said, *bring me a morsel of bread. . . . And she said, as the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse: And behold I am gathering two sticks, that I*
C 4 may

may go and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it and die. And Elijah said, . . . make me thereof a little cake first. . . . and after make for thee and thy son. For thus saith the Lord. . . . The barrel shall not waste, nor the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth. She firmly believed the divine promise, and was not deceived; for the little stores she had never wanted during that time.

But it happened that her son fell sick and died. Upon this she went to the prophet and said, *O thou man of God! Art thou come to slay my son.* Elijah took the child, and carried him up into a loft. . . . and laid him upon his own bed, and stretched himself three times upon the child, and cried unto the Lord, Lord comfort this desolate widow, and let this child's soul come into him again. God heard his prayer, the child was raised to life, and the prophet delivered him to his mother.

Elijah staid three years with the widow, during which there was no rain, and then received orders from the Lord to go to Abab. This wicked prince had a governor of his house named Obadiab, who feared the Lord and whilst Jezebel was destroying the prophets he took a hundred and hid them by fifty in a cave and fed them with bread and water. As good Obadiab went out to find grass for the cattle, he met with Elijah who said to him, Go, tell thy Lord, Behold Elijah is here. Obadiab fell on his face and said, Why dost thou seek to ruin me? If I tell the king, who is every where in quest of thee, he will send persons to seize thee. And the spirit of the Lord will carry thee off; thou wilt not be found, and the king, who will conclude, that I have imposed upon him, will destroy me. Elijah encouraged him, and said he would surely shew himself unto him that day.

Lady

Lady Witty. It appears that miracles were not difficult for God to work; he certainly was not sparing of wonders to save the *Israelites*.

Mrs. Affable. No, my dear, miracles cost him nothing; his will is not resisted by nature; he speaks and it immediately obeys. He bids heaven be locked and it rains no more. Men only resist God; and, if they could, they would withdraw out of the reach of his power and cease to be dependant of his will.

Lady Sensible. Is it possible men should be so wicked as to wish themselves not subject to his power?

Mrs. Affable. Alas! my dear, we are guilty of this offence, whenever we murmur at providence on account of cross accidents. Ask that once pretty young lady, now disfigured by the small pox, whether she has not murmured against that providence which has stript her of her beauty; whether she would not willingly have declined submitting to that particular order of providence, had it been in her power. If she is sincere, she will own it. Put the same question to the covetous man that has lost his fortune; to the ambitious aspiring man, who is in disgrace with his benefactor; to that fond mother, whom death has deprived of a son she adored. They are rebels to God, and would, if it was possible, depend no longer of his power; this is what they wish in their hearts. Whereas a resigned christian, even a rational person, would avoid chusing for himself, were it left to his option.

Lady Charlotte. And why might not one chuse, if God was pleased to allow that liberty?

Mrs. Affable. For fear of making an ill choice. Suppose, ladies, that God should say to me, *you are poor and sickly, you may, if you desire it, enjoy both health and riches; you may have them for wishing.*

Miss *Saphia*. To be sure, you would wish for health and riches; would not you, Mrs. *Affable*? they are better than poverty and sickness.

Mrs. *Affable*. I hope I should not be so weak. Methinks I should answer, Lord you know, that I am a poor and blind creature, and that I don't understand what is most to my advantage. Perhaps health and riches might dispose me to be more wicked than I am. Please to chuse for me, because you are sovereignly wise, and know best what will conduce most to the saving of my soul. Call to mind, ladies, what happened about the diamonds of lady. . . . But here comes lady *Sincere*. Dispense with all ceremony, ladies; pray, sit down, my dear; let us not interrupt the lesson. When that is over you shall be introduced to these ladies.

Lady *Lucy*. What was the story of that lady's diamonds?

Mrs. *Affable*. Pray, lady *Mary*, tell the ladies how it was; but not, how the little trick I put upon them turned out.

Lady *Mary*. Mrs. *Affable*, fetched the lady's diamonds, but told us there were some true and some false stones; and then gave us leave to pick out each of us one. Mrs. *Affable*, may I ask these ladies, what they would have done.

Miss *Saphia*. I would have carefully examined them all to distinguish the true from the false; and then would have chosen the very best.

Miss *Rural*. I am told, that some false stones appear much brighter than true ones. As we don't understand them, would it not have been more prudent, ladies, to desire Mrs. *Affable* to chuse for us.

Mrs. *Affable*. The very thing that lady *Sensible* did! she begged I would chuse for her.

Lady

Lady Witty. I was fairly caught, a silly creature that I was, and chose quite wrong. *Miss Rural* has a thousand times more sense than I, though she don't set herself off so much.

Mrs. Affable. Yes, indeed! my little philosopher has spoke very judiciously. Pray, my dear, have you always acted up to this way thinking? I must anatomize your heart. Are you a great fortune, dear child?

Miss Rural. I think so, *Mrs. Affable*, I shall have five thousand pounds; and it may happen I shall be better by six thousand more.

Miss Sophia. In that case you would not be very poor, nor could you be thought very rich. Do you know, *Miss*, that five thousand pounds is but two hundred by the year? What is that for a woman of quality?

Miss Rural. She may find lodgings, food, and raiment. What need of more?

Lady Sincere. She must have a coach, money to pay servants wages, to bestow in charities, and to gratify fancy and whims.

Miss Rural. What need of a coach, when I am able to walk? Can't I do with one maid? And, if I have not money to give away in charities, may not I be in some condition or other to do for the poor? And as to whims and fancies, if I have none, there is none to gratify; if I have, I must make it my business to get rid of such guests.

Lady Sincere. How is it possible to live without some whim or fancy? I think without some whim or other I should be tired of my life. I must confess, that till this present time I have not been in a way to gratify or humour fancy; but now to recover lost time, I amuse my self with ten thousand, thirty thousand and more vagaries.

Mrs. *Affable*. What pity it is that time will not allow us to let this agreeable conversation be carried on longer? Lady *Sincere* and miss *Rural* are extreme opposites, absolute *antipodes* to each other. Their arguments would be very amusing; and we will put them off to another time.

Miss *Bella*. Before we break up, I beg you would explain some words that I don't understand. What is meant by *anatomizing* the heart, and those Ladies being absolute *antipodes* to each other?

Mrs. *Affable*. To *anatomize* signifies to examine with care all the parts of a subject. Surgeons for example, take a dead body, they examine every thing minutely even the most inward and hidden parts by cutting, which is called *dissection*, and by other means which their art teaches. This is called *anatomizing* the body. I pretend in some proportion to their method the *anatomizing* my scholars hearts in order to discover secret disorders that lurk out of sight and to apply proper remedies. The term *antipodes* signifies, and is as much as you need to know for the present, two things extremely distant and opposite.

Lady *Mary*. Mrs. *Affable*, why did you call miss *Rural*, your little philosopher? I always thought the men only had been philosophers.

Mrs. *Affable*. Because you did not understand that word, my dear. There are two sorts of philosophy, which are not to be mistaken one for the other. Formerly those were called philosophers, who observed the course of the stars, and made inquiries into the secrets of nature. This study seems to be fitter for men than ladies. An acquaintance of ours said, that philosophy had staid too long in heaven; and that it was high time to bring it down. This was *Socrates*, who had so sad a wife. He therefore taught a new philosophy,

lofophy, which was the knowledge of the means to be happy. He proved folidly, that thofe means were the overcoming of our paffions and being rational. This fcience taught by *Socrates* is called *moral philofophy*; and this, you fee, becomes ladies as well as men. To think and make feveral reflections is a previous and neceffary difpofition to learn philofophy. 'Tis only for want of reflection that we prefer health and riches to ficknefs and want. I had very good reafons to call mifs *Rural*, my little philofopher, for obferving the danger there was of making a wrong choice, where one does not underftand the things which are offered to our choice.

Lady Violent. We don't at all agree in opinion. You fay the old philofophy is not proper for ladies. I am very fond of it. I have read a little book of one Mr. *Fontenelle*, who has greatly raifed my curiofity and defire of ftudying aftronomy.

Mrs. Affable. Well my dear, we will ftudy it together and make almanacks. That will be nice and curious.

Lady Violent. Now am I perfuaded you make a jeft of me.

Mrs. Affable. No, indeed, my dear! I refpect the defire of knowledge whatever it be. Nay I am perfuaded that you have wit enough to fucceed in that ftudy; but——

Lady Violent. One may eafily perceive, you are a French woman, by your flattering.

Mrs. Affable. I don't defign you any compliment, madam; can you imagine I intend to praife you by faying you have a great deal of wit? That is not at all my way of thinking. I value wit fo very little, that if I had all the wit in the world laid in a heap at my feet, I would not ftoop to take it up; whereas I would go thoufands of miles to pick up a little good fenfe. I never meant to praife
you

you for your capacity. But now I will commend you in a manner, which I must have you pleased with. I am persuaded you will make very good use of your talents; and that after you have applied your mind diligently to the study and practice of *Socrates's* philosophy, you will be in a condition to study the philosophy of the ancients his predecessors. Yes, my dear, you are capable of any thing, if you will but overcome yourself; and something within me seems to promise that you will. I could almost venture a wager, that you will be the best and the most learned of your sex; but first you must be very good; and then you and I will lay our heads together and contrive to be very knowing and learned.

Lady Louisa. I must here declare a very foolish thing I did t'other day. Hearing that a lady of my acquaintance was gone to a lecture of philosophy, I made the saddest jest of her and ridiculed her most unmercifully. I deserved that much more myself for judging about matters that I only knew by name. I am quite ashamed of this, and I am now so far from looking on the love of philosophy as a wrong turn of the mind, that I desire to commence philosopher, if *Mrs. Affable* will but be so kind as to give me a helping hand.

Mrs. Affable. You have passed sentence against your self like a lady of great good sense; and I shall tell you my thoughts upon the matter; but as this may be tedious to our younger ladies; and as they have been a long time here, it is proper to put it off to our next meeting. Pray let me see you in the morning; the children will not be here; and it will be better.

Lady Mary. So, you forbid me coming, *Mrs. Affable.*

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. I do not forbid you, my dear; but would advise you to stay at home; I am sure you will be ill tired. These subjects are too serious for little people of your age.

Lady *Mary*. Mrs. *Affable* always forgets, that I am near eight years old; and that I am as impatient to learn as any of the ladies.

Mrs. *Affable*. Well! children, you have my consent to do as you please, but on condition that when you are tired, you shall be at liberty to go and play. That will be some diversion at least.

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DIALOGUE III.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

**H**OW now ladies! you are all here, not even excepting lady *Violent*. Tell me, my dear; did not Mama lay her commands upon you to come?

Lady *Violent*. No, Mrs. *Affable*; curiosity brought me to hear what you would say of philosophy, in hopes, that there might be some few words about the stars.

Mrs. *Affable*. You are strangely carried away by an inclination for the stars. I cannot promise to speak about them; and a very good reason why. I really know nothing of the matter; but you remember our agreement; we are to join in the study of that part of philosophy, after we have practised the other.

Lady *Violent*. This is very sly, Mrs. *Affable*, and a mere supposition. That condition, I well remember, was proposed, but not accepted by me.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. Did I stand in need of your consent to the agreement I proposed? Don't I know; that a young Lady of your good sense cannot refuse such terms? Go, my dear; I look upon this as a point agreed to. Remember, children, that I insist upon your going to play, as soon as the lesson grows the least uneasy to you. We shall have done in very good time; and lady *Sensible*, shall read you a little fable she wrote in her travels. Lady *Louisa*, I promised my opinion with regard to your desire of studying philosophy; and this is my judgment upon the matter. The study of moral philosophy is beyond all question necessary; that part of philosophy is the art of living happily by leading a virtuous life; your interest therefore requires your application to this study. The lady you mentioned was not in all probability going to a lecture of moral philosophy; but however she did not deserve to be rallied on that account. There are points of knowledge, tho' seemingly very distant, that dispose and prepare for the doctrine I am to teach; as for example geometry which is the science of numbers and measures.

Lady *Lucy*. I must own I cannot see the connexion between the science of numbers and a virtuous life.

Mrs. *Affable*. With a very little reflection you will soon discover how they are connected. I beg an answer to all the questions I shall propose. Do all men desire to be happy?

Lady *Lucy*. To be sure, Madam, and, in my opinion, this desire sets all other passions at work.

Mrs. *Affable*. You say very well. Covetousness is a desire of being happy by means of riches; ambition seeks to be happy by dignities and posts; voluptuousness places happiness in the enjoyment of sensual

sensual pleasures. Now I put this other question, are all men happy, who have this violent thirst of happiness?

Lady *Lucy*. Certainly not.

Mrs. *Affable*. Then riches, honours, and pleasures cannot constitute the happiness of man.

Lady *Lucy*. Perhaps they might, were they possessed in the degree they are desired.

Mrs. *Affable*. But do you think it possible for a man to arrive at a pitch that he can wish for nothing more?

Lady *Lucy*. If I may judge of others by myself, I don't think it. Many things have I wished for since I was born; I thought I should be happy, and desire nothing more. But alas! Madam, no sooner was I possessed of what I desired, but it grew very indifferent to me; and my thoughts strayed to other objects, which very likely I shall despise as soon as possessed.

Lady *Mary*. I was just so, Mrs. *Affable*; I longed to be seven years old, and then thought I should be perfectly easy. Now I want to be as tall as lady *Sensible*; and then perhaps I shall wish to be as big as lady *Lucy*. Shall we never have done with these wishes? 'Tis a great folly methinks instead of being contented with what I have, to be uneasy for what I have not.

Mrs. *Affable*. That is really philosophical. Tell me, Lady *Lucy*, were men to make the same reflection with Lady *Mary*, do not you think that even self-love would determine them to moderate their desires and enjoy the present such as it is?

Lady *Lucy*. I think so, Mrs. *Affable*, but all, and I chiefly, seldom reflect; and when we do, our reflections rest upon wrong principles. Many false ideas encumber the mind, and the reflection is made suitably to the principles that gave it birth.

Mrs.



*Mrs. Affable.* You have pointed out the true cause of all the misfortunes and errors of mankind. They are actuated by the lights they have and those often prove false. The covetous man, for instance, views riches under a deceitful light; he judges them a proper means to satisfy his inclination; upon this bottom he sacrifices all to heap up treasures. I not only mean those who desire wealth to lock it up, but even those, who make not only an innocent, but proper use of their substance. To instance, a person is persuaded that no figure is made, nor any respect gained in the world but in proportion to the wealth he possesses; as he has a great affection for his off-spring he endeavours to treasure up large sums, and goes so far as to think that he discharges a duty of conscience, tho' the means to arrive at the end he proposes may, to say no worse, be very questionable. Now let him place on one side the respect paid to wealth and on the other that regard which is shewn to, and is the recompense of virtue and bright talents, it is certain he would find no comparison between the two and would chuse the latter; that is, reflection grounded upon solid principles would lead him to the knowledge of their true value; and the understanding, which had been misled by a wrong idea, would be rectified and recover the mistake. Do you understand me, ladies?

*Lady Sensible.* Perfectly well, *Mrs. Affable*; that person would weigh both in his serious thoughts and chuse that, which appeared to carry the most weight.

*Mrs. Affable.* Just so, my dear. Now, lady Lucy, do you conceive of what service geometry is in philosophy. A geometer is always with a plummet and rule; he measures, he calculates, he draws lines, he gets a habit of doing all things by rule, he looks upon nothing as clear that he has not calculated;

culated; and in some measure proceeds with the same exactness in all sciences

Lady *Louisa*. Oh, Mrs. *Affable*! all my hopes are over. Of all things I hate numbers. Must I learn geometry to become a philosopher?

Mrs. *Affable*. Take courage, Madam; I cannot teach you that geometry, which I do not know; but I will use my best endeavours to give you a geometrical understanding; I mistake; that cannot be my gift, but I will dispose and engage you to make use of that natural geometry, which God has placed in the minds of all men. There are other sciences, which help to moral philosophy, and of which some notions shall be given as occasion serves.

Lady *Mary*. What is the meaning of *notions*?

Mrs. *Affable*. *Notions* are general ideas and, such as they are, adapted to the ladies. But, children, what I can teach is very little, as I am pretty much a stranger to those sciences. I will seek the truth in your hearts and my own; there it is only found and there it certainly is, as I shall make it appear to you some day or other.

Lady *Lucy*. The proof will be amusing; and that is all; for I rely so much upon you, that I shall always take your word.

Mrs. *Affable*. You must begin, Madam, with correcting this disposition; it is the greatest obstacle to the study of philosophy.

Lady *Louisa*. But why should not we believe you, Mrs. *Affable*? Surely, you would not deceive us.

Mrs. *Affable*. As I am disposed at present I undoubtedly would not; but who knows, whether a violent passion may not alter my way of thinking and make me deceitful? besides may I not be deceived myself, tho' I may have the best intention  
that

that can be? I am very ignorant and were I the most knowing among created beings still I should not be infallible. God only is so.

*Miss Rural.* This pleases me! now I have carried my point.

*Mrs. Affable.* What do you mean, my dear?

*Miss Rural.* You shall hear, *Mrs. Affable.* I have read some part of *Mr. Locke* and *Mr. Clarke's* writings; some things I took to be true, but others I found contrary to my ideas. Mama said I was very proud to prefer my way of thinking to that of such great men. Now in my opinion I have the same right to think as they; and if God intended I should make use of those gentlemen's reason, he would never have given me my own private reason.

*Mrs. Affable.* That was just what I would have said to these ladies. You must not believe because you have heard or read, but because it is agreeable to reason to believe or to be persuaded that things are so or otherwise. I pretend, ladies, that you shall discuss and examine every thing I say and contradict me, when you think you have reason to do it. You shall propose your reasons; I shall be at liberty to give mine; and let those be judged best that bear the most weight.

*Lady Tempest.* I have often in a dispute been afraid of seeing the truth in as much as I must have owned, that I was in the wrong; and that is death to me.

*Mrs. Affable.* That disposition is one of the greatest enemies to true philosophy. Our inquiries after truth must be sincere; those must be esteemed our best friends, who discover the truth to us, tho' at the expence of our pride. Were you and I my dear to travel in a road quite unknown to you, and that you stood on the brink of a precipice in danger of falling

ling either down that, or at least into the dirt another way, could you take it amiss if I put a light into your hand to see the way out of such a dangerous spot.

*Lady Tempest.* On the contrary, I should be extremely obligated to Mrs. *Affable*.

*Mrs. Affable.* And you must have the like obligations to those, who shew you the truth. If you are deceived in matters of moment, there is a precipice; if in trifles, that is a miry road. 'Tis not indeed so dangerous as a precipice; but I must forewarn you, that it leads to one. When we get a custom of forming a wrong judgment though in trifles, there is a hazard of contracting a bad habit in things that are of importance. Well! dear lady *Mary*, are not you very sorry, that you came this morning; is not all this mighty tedious?

*Lady Mary.* Mrs. *Affable* is not infallible; here she is mistaken, and may perceive, that I have been attentive to the lesson by the liberty I take to contradict her.

*Mrs. Affable.* As you shew clearly, that you have minded the lesson, and repeat it so well, I must yield, and own candidly that I am mistaken. I will now repeat in short what has been said; or rather try, whether lady *Sensible* has taken my meaning right. Come, my dear, give us the substance of our conversation.

*Lady Sensible.* Moral philosophy is the art of living happily by leading a virtuous life. Our faults come from the false ideas we conceive of the good or bad things of this life; and, as our actions are influenced by our judgments, a wrong judgment is an obstacle to a virtuous life.

Geometry accustoms the mind to a regular process, to an exact calculation; and geometrical truths are always evident as there is no rule with-



without a clear proof. And hence we must take care to form a geometrical understanding, that is, upon certain rules and undoubted principles.

As God has given each one his reason, we must make use of our own without depending implicitly upon that of others. And thus a fundamental disposition for philosophy is not to believe any thing, but what our understanding after a rational inquiry judges proper to be believed.

But as our reason may be darkened by pride and other passions, the love of truth must overcome pride and those passions.

*Mrs. Affable.* Extremely well repeated, my dear. Now, ladies, is any thing that has been said contrary to the light of nature?

*Lady Lucy.* I assure you, *Mrs. Affable*, that I have always been in that way of thinking.

*Lady Louisa.* It looks to me, as if I had always known this; it is so agreeable to what I have always thought, tho' my knowledge was but confused.

*Mrs. Affable.* This is one of the first proofs, that we have hit upon the truth. It strikes the mind immediately and chimes with our own sentiments, provided we are without prejudice.

*Lady Charlotte.* Pray, *Mrs. Affable*, what is a prejudice?

*Mrs. Affable.* A judgment we form without a good reason.

*Lady Lucy.* Then I have gone upon nothing but prejudice; for I really never troubled my head about a reason for any thing.

*Mrs. Affable.* You are not the only one, my dear; we are so slothful, so giddy, that we chuse to trust others, rather than have the trouble of using our own understanding. The prejudices contracted in our infancy stick close to us, and are a great hindrance

hindrance to our discovering the truth. Before we take leave of this article ladies, I must commend one thing to you very particularly. One of the social virtues is to humour others prejudices, when they are only ridiculous; among these one of the most established and current prejudices is, that women must be ignorant. As to yourselves be sure never to fall in with the common in this respect, that is, take care to avoid ignorance, but don't argue the point with those, who have adopted this poor wretched maxim. Hence we must conceal these little studies that are the subject of our meetings and behave with the ignorant, as if we were so. There is a spice of cruelty in pretending to carry it high with persons unacquainted with trifles that we understand. Never affect to make a shew of wit and knowledge; 'tis so much out of rule, that even ignorance is a treasure in comparison with that fulsom parade.

I promised you a fable of lady *Sensible's* composition; but first you should know what gave occasion to this performance. We were lodged at *Paris*, in a house ready furnished and sadly plagued with mice. A *German* lady came into the house upon our going to *Versailles*. She chased the mice with so much success that when we came back, there was not one left. This gave lady *Sensible* the hint for making the little fable she is going to repeat to the ladies.

The

*The Mouse, a Fable.*

*The account, which parents give of their past follies,  
is but thrown away on their off-spring.*

An aged mouse, very far advanced in years and arrived at the last period of life, got her numerous family together and addressed them in the following words.

"My dear children, if any thing could make me regret leaving this world, the idea of dangers to which I foresee you will be exposed after my departure would certainly have that effect. But in these last moments I am willing to entertain the flattering hope, that you will receive, and practise the good and salutary advice I am about to give you. If you will follow those rules, you may, as I have done, reach an extreme old age. To encourage your obedience to the dying words of a parent, I will give you an account of my past life."

"I was born in this house, where you now live, but have been witness to many changes and revolutions in this place. About the time of my birth, the house was tenanted by a young English lady; she was very rich. Oh, dear children! this house was then the seat of plenty, and might with justice be called the *Peru* of poor mice. She kept an open table and forty servants. You may easily guess, that with so many servants she took very little thought, or care, to look after her house. A house-keeper, a steward, and a fat cook were to bring in, and to manage their provisions; and the Lord knows how they did it. These three raised great contributions on the tradesmen they employed; it was their interest to increase the expence. A  
great

great deal was eat, more was wasted; this was a means, whereby we not only enjoyed plenty, but lived in safety. We scorned the leavings of a second table, since we could feed on the nicest bits; for nothing was laid up. Two overgrown cats whose proper office, one would have thought, was to guard the kitchen, left us at full liberty, and spent the time, that passed between their delicious meals, in the softest slumbers. I could tell a thousand curious anecdotes, to which I was a witness from the time of my infancy. The house-keeper's apartment was the place of my birth; here in this subterraneous palace, she received the homages of her inferiours; and for the most part with a proud haughty air, that discouraged them much. Sometimes, indeed, she vouchsafed to be more civil and humane, and would return a gracious look for those adorations, which however, generally speaking did not go unrewarded; and setting her great impertinence aside, she was really one of the best-tempered women. She would have the looks of the servants speak the wealth of their mistress; and with great humanity, she considered them in what they wanted. The maids in the kitchen were allowed but very sorry water-gruel, and no tea, but Mrs. house-keeper made her's so strong and put so much more fresh tea so often, that the poor girls had a very tolerable decoction to their share. The place, where the sugar was kept, was not altogether inaccessible; and when she found it had been fingered, she would say with a smile, *We must live, and let live.* She carried her condescension so far, that all had cream to their tea; but this was to be kept out of the bill, for fear her ladyship one day or other should take a fancy to look it over; the method was to charge eight quarts of milk, instead of four;

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thus



thus things were made even and no harm done. It would be endless to particularize all the waste made either to gratify herself, or out of complaisance to others; but I will not enlarge more, than I have done, to give an example of moderation not to be parallel'd by any old woman that has stept into the recital of old done deeds. The first years of my life were spent whilst this good woman presided over our domestic affairs; but, by the greatest misfortune that ever happened, this happy state disappeared on a sudden like a golden dream, whereof nothing remains but a melancholy remembrance. The Lady, who had not proportioned her expences to her income, was ruined, and reduced to go and live in the country; in short we had new lodgers in our house. I had but little experience as I was so young; and the change did not cost me a tear; I looked upon the alteration as a thing of no concern, but came too soon acquainted with my misfortune. Our new mistress had as grand a retinue as the first; but then, the house was in as great order and as regular, as if she had but a couple of servants, and quite contrary to the polite customs and uses in modern management she looked after her own affairs and only trusted herself with the inspection into all the particulars of house-keeping. Sugar, conserves, sweet meats and all articles of that nature were locked up in a proper place; and madam kept the key. She could tell to the greatest nicety what provisions would serve the family; and it was not possible to impose upon her, even in trifles. She was for an easy fire and withal a magnificent appearance without waste. I was soon reduced to feed on the crumbs that fell from the servants table; not a sorry bit of cheese, nor a stum of a candle was to be found; all  
was

was pick't up and laid out to the greatest advantage. *Curfed woman!* I cried out in an excefs of grief, who, that faw the numbers of difhes that crowded her table, who could ever imagine that a poor moulfe, who requires fo little food, fhould be in danger of ftarving in her houfe! I hoped this would not continue long; but I foon gave up a fruitlefs hope and void of comfort. The two harmlefs and peaceable cats I mentioned before had not yet quitted the houfe, and made a moft melancholy figure. I was curious to know their thoughts on the matter, and one night that they had a ferious converfation upon the point, I very cautiously flipt to the hole that opened into my apartment to liften to the two fages, and hear what they faid."

"You are then refolved to quit the houfe, the place of your birth, faid the younger cat to his elder, and pray fays the other with an angry look, what poffibility is there of ftaying longer? Has not the faft, which I have been forced to keep, reduced me to fkin and bones? But, replied the younger, have not we ftill a good refource left? Let Mr. Cook be as watchful as he pleafes; I have both flight and courage enough to live by induftry; befides our miftrefs is old and crazy, her death cannot be far off, and muft caufe fome change in our circumftances. Vain hopes! cried out the old cat; I muft tell you, that our ill ftars have brought a *German* lady to the houfe; and farther, that our misfortune is paft all remedy. The *German* ladies have a notion, that it is their duty to look after their houfes; they chufe and watch their domestics fo clofe, that it is not an eafy matter to deceive them. They teach them to be regular and methodical; and the cook, who has been inftructed by this lady thefe ten

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years

years is not to be jested with, if any thing is missing, the least theft is as much as the life of the most valuable cat is worth. Besides, it is idle to think that our mistress's age can make any change in our circumstances. Those cursed Germans are mad enough to bring up their daughters in the same spirit of œconomy, as they were bred themselves. The young ladies, let them be never so rich, think it no dishonour to enter into a minute account of all that relates to house-keeping; they are always told, that, to satisfy the expences suitable to their rank and at the same time not to prejudice any person, all superfluous outgoings must be retrenched; that servants must be kept in a way to want and to waste nothing, with a thousand other *Gothic* maxims, of which they never get the better."

A footman came into the kitchen and broke off the conversation; the cats disappeared the next day. I was but young and did not so much mind the serious and sensible discourse of the elder, as I did the airy flights of the younger cat; and as I could no longer bear my present situation and circumstances, I determined to set all my industry at work; to alleviate the wretched plight I was in, after a thousand attempts I found a way into the room, where the lady lock't up her stores and made myself amends with most delicious fare for the long abstinence I had kept; the pleasure of faring so well was sometimes interrupted with serious reflections, that my all was at stake; and I trembled for fear the theft should come to be discovered; but however I pluck't up a good heart. The former seemed to insure future good success. I had robbed the old housekeeper a hundred times, who never took any precaution to guard against my inroads. How  
senseless

senseless was I? I was a stranger to the difference between the servant's and the mistress's eye, but soon learned it at my own cost. Emboldened with this early success, I returned the next day to the fatal place. The first thing I observed was a kind of engine grated up at one end and a bit of bacon fresh broiled. The smell was quite inviting; I walked in (an entrance was left open) I seized the prey; but oh! ill fated hour; whereof many years have not yet obliterated the memory. I had scarce touched the disastrous morsel, when the door of that infernal machine fell with a dreadful noise and confined me without any hopes of ever escaping. How often did I then curse my gluttony! What purposes did I not make for my future conduct, if I could be so happy as to escape this danger! The fall of the trap soon brought in my mistress; and I heard her pass the dreadful sentence against the prisoner; I was condemned to be drowned, and a chamber-maid was ordered to execute the sentence. You tremble children; and nothing in all appearance, could possibly save me. The awkwardness the executioner pitched upon to be the instrument of her mistress's vengeance proved my safety. I escaped upon the very point of being executed and having bought wit by dreadful experience, I endeavoured to correct a vice that had like to have proved the ruin of me. I never came out without the greatest precaution and all my excursions were confined to the kitchen. This frugal way of life, to which I was now reduced, appeared at first more terrible than the danger that brought me so near to my end; but custom made my condition easier; nay, I found that abstinence mended my constitution; and at last I thanked my stars that brought me under a



happy necessity of moderating my appetite and the desire of gratifying my palate. I have survived three generations of mice, that I was acquainted with in this house; few have reached the term they might naturally have expected. Diseases mostly bred by intemperance have carried off such as escaped the vigilance of cats and snares laid by men. But I find my strength fails me; farewell, sweet children, dread the unhappy closet, where death lurks under pernicious sweets. I die contented, because I die with hopes you will follow my advice. Farewell."

Scarce had this wise mouse breathed her last, but her young and sprightly family fell into mutual congratulations on their being rid at last of the restraint they suffered from the presence of this old dotard; so they stiled her very disrespectfully; her advice was laughed at; her temperance was construed covetousness and her circumspection want of courage. They made their way to the fatal closet; a triple fence of strong paper to secure a pot of sweet-meats was soon demolished; they began to wish one another joy on their escaping the dangers they were warned against by the old mouse. But their mirth was very short lived; a cat and two traps took their post in the closet; and in less than a week not a mouse was left of those who despised the experience and wise documents of their great-grand-mother. From hence we may conclude that,

*The account, which parents give of their past follies  
Is but thrown away upon their offspring.*

Lady Witty. I assure you, dear friend, this is the prettiest little fable I ever heard; and I would freely give all the world that I could make such another.

Lady

Lady *Lucy*. It is extremely fine in my opinion, but I think the moral something too severe. I have an aversion to that oeconomical exactness; and I should be downright miserable if I was obliged to submit to such trifles.

Lady *Louisa*. Indeed Mrs. *Affable* I think so too; that scrupulous nicety about such trifles ill becomes a person of quality that is rich. What a sad thing to be always upon the watch for such bagatelles and to stoop so low as to ask a milk-woman, whether she brought cream instead of milk! Suppose the whole amounted to twenty pieces a year (I am sure it could not be more) is it worth while to submit to that drudgery and to be looked upon by servants as a busy body and a pinch-penny?

Mrs. *Affable*. I am very sure, madam, that not a year passes, but that single article comes to a hundred guineas. However let it be twenty, and, if you please but ten. Are the ten guineas yours to be squandered away at pleasure? Is the fault committed by your servants, who cheat their mistress, and which they would have avoided, if you had been more careful, is this fault nothing? Consider this well, ladies, you are drawing near the age, that you are likely to be married. Oeconomy is a capital duty in a wife; she is answerable to her husband, her children and the poor for all that belongs to the family, and is accountable besides for all the ill that is done, could she have prevented it by her vigilance.

Miss *Sophia*. Then a young lady marries to be a servant and a slave.

Mrs. *Affable*. Not so my dear, but to be a companion to her husband, a mistress of her house and a mother of a family. Are not these specious titles? But they are attended with particular obligations. For instance when one admits a partner

in trade, the trouble and the advantage of commerce is to be shared in proportion between the two partners. What would you say to a merchant that would insist on half the advantage, tho' he walked about from morning till night, and left his partner the whole trouble of buying, selling, packing, &c? You would think him very unjust; because in these associations the trouble and the profit must be common.

Lady *Luz*. 'Tis certainly just it should be so; but then I don't understand, how a young lady who may be so happy in her condition, can have the courage to marry. How can she resolve to exchange her quiet and ease for the cares, solicitude and perplexities that attend a married state, where persons are resolved to do their duty? How can she venture upon a person that she knows very little if at all, who conceals for a while some very great defect, whose interest it is to conceal it and who must have some little faults that she must bear with? Throw into the account the trouble she must have with her children from their distempers, misbehaviour, the pains to be taken of course to provide for them. How can a young lady be so gay and easy at the very moment that she exposes her self to all these dangers? I say once more, it is what I cannot understand.

Lady *Louisa*. But I do perfectly well, Mrs. *Affable*; I have seen several of my friends married. Well! They were taken up with their cloths, diamonds and equipage. They never once thought, that marriage was attended with duties or dangers of this consequence. I knew one that was put in mind of all this; she said very calmly, *I do not know what it is to fear; if my husband is ill-tempered, let him thank himself; I will be out from morning till night; and he may growl by himself.* If

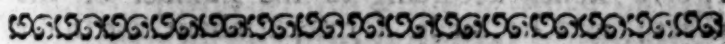
# DIALOGUE III. 57.

*be spend his estate, keep mistresses, or use me ill in other respects, I will make him so uneasy, that he shall be forced to a divorce. If I have a large family I must have a good expert house-keeper? When children come, they shall have a governess.*

*Mrs. Affable.* Hark ye, ladies. these are charming dispositions. Was the Lady as good as her word?

*Lady Louisa.* That she was, *Mrs. Affable.* She went beyond what she threatned. They are now parted as she saw they would be. She lives without reputation, friends or tolerable means of subsisting. You must know she became a gamester; now she loses her separate maintenance before it comes due; and the creditors receive her allowance.

*Mrs. Affable.* I could have ventured a wager it would end so. We will take some other occasion to talk this matter over, and in effect, ladies, there is a great deal to be said on this important article. 'Tis now too late; we shall meet again by and by; pray come early; we have a great deal to do this afternoon.



# DIALOGUE IV.

*Mrs. AFFABLE.*

**C**OME dear lady *Mary*, let us have your story.

*Lady Mary.* When *Abab* heard, that *Elijah* was coming, he went to meet him, and said, *art thou be that troubleth Israel and hindereth us from rain? Elijah* answered, *I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house in that you adore Baal; now*



order the four hundred prophets to be assembled that eat at *Jesebel's* table. The false prophets repaired to *Elijah* at mount *Carmel*; and *Elijah* speaking to the *Israellites* said, *How long halt ye between two opinions*, that is, how long will ye serve two Gods? If *Baal* is the true God, you must serve him only; but if the Lord be the true God, whom I preach to you, you must forsake *Baal*. But a trial must be made to discover which is the true God. I remain the only prophet of the Lord, but *Baal's* prophets are four hundred and fifty men. Give a victim for sacrifice to each side; we will lay both on an altar, and put no fire under; the God whose victim shall be consumed by fire from heaven, shall be true God. A victim was given to the prophets of *Baal*; they called upon him *from morning even till noon* to send down fire from heaven upon the victim; they cut themselves after their manner with knives to move *Baal*. *Elijah* seeing all this mocked them, and said, cry aloud; perhaps your God sleepeth or is taken up with other thoughts that hinder his hearing your prayers. At noon *Elijah* raised an altar with twelve stones according to the number of the tribes; and he made a trench about the altar where he placed the victim; he ordered it to be plentifully sprinkled with water three times, so that the victim was soaked through, and the water filled the trench about the altar. Then *Elijah* raised his voice in prayer to the Lord; and instantly a great fire from heaven consumed the victim and licked up the water that was in the trench. The people of Israel astonished with the prodigy fell on their faces to the ground, saying, *the Lord is the only God*. If so, said *Elijah*, take these priests of *Baal* that deceive you and let not one of them escape. The people obeyed

*Elijah*

*Elijah*, and all the Prophets of *Baal* were destroyed that day.

Mean while *Elijah* stooping to the ground rested his head on his knees and prayed to the Lord for rain; he sent out his servant several times to observe whether any thing appeared. And the seventh time his servant brought word, that a little cloud was rising out of the sea. Upon this he sent his servant with the following message to *Abub*, *Prepare thy chariot, and get back to thy city; for we shall soon have a very great rain.* It happened as the prophet had foretold.

*Jehel* being informed of the slaughter of her prophets sent notice to *Elijah*, that, before twenty-four hours were over, he should be treated in the same manner he had treated those, whom she protected. *Elijah* hearing this made his escape into the desert, where he walked a whole day and at last sat down under a tree, and overcome with grief begged of God to take him out of the world. Upon this he fell asleep; an angel touched him and said, *arise and eat.* He looked about and saw some victuals near him; and after he had taken some nourishment he laid him down to sleep again. The angel waked him a second time and said, *arise for the journey is too great for thee.* *Elijah* obeyed the Angel, and was so strengthened with this meat, that he walked forty days and forty nights, till he came unto *Horeb* the mount of God.

*Lady Sensible.* Lord! Mrs. *Affable*, how beautiful is the history of the holy writ! tho' you made me learn it by heart, the repetition is as agreeable to me, as if I had never heard it before; it inspires us with awe and a great respect for the power and majesty of God.

*Lady Mary.* For my part, I prefer it to all your fairy-tales. Would you believe it, Mrs. *Affable*;

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I am pretty much out of conceit with them, I begin to think they are not altogether true.

Mrs. *Affable*. You are growing up towards a young woman. Tales are proper to amuse children; but, as one comes to riper years and more reason, we grow ashamed of being taken up with what is false. I shall not entertain you with many more; because besides those passages and events related in the scriptures, I have many more that are very agreeable and also very true.

Lady *Louisa*. I confess, Mrs. *Affable*, there are some tales, which I read with pleasure. For example the fable we had from lady *Sensible* is as good as a true story and very instructive withal.

Lady *Charlotte*. But, Ladies, Mrs. *Affable*, contrives tales on purpose for us. You did not come to our lessons two years ago. Mrs. *Affable* made a tale about one *Elisa*. It was exactly my character. Perhaps no history could have furnished such another. I do assure you, that it has contributed much to my amendment.

Mrs. *Affable*. Well, my dear! since they are so useful to you, we must have some now and then. It is time to make some reflections upon the passage we have just heard from the scripture.

If a prophet should come to London, might not he say as *Elijah* did to the Israelites, *how long will ye halt between two? If the Lord is the true God, you must forsake all other Gods for him.*

Miss *Molly*. Pray, Mrs. *Affable*, do we adore any idols?

Mrs. *Affable*. Alas! it is but too true, my dear! Money is the idol of the covetous and of many who disclaim that imputation; ambition is their idol, who desire to command; pride is theirs who affect to shine either by beauty or wit; plays, operas, assemblies, balls are the idols  
of

of those, who only pursue diversions. There would be no end, if all the false divinities we adore were to be named, that is, the divinities, to whom we pay the sacrifice due to God.

*Lady Charlotte.* Are balls, assemblies, and those other diversions sinful?

*Mrs. Affable.* How must I answer this question, my dear friend? If I give a true answer, I shall be thought a fool, a madwoman, a methodist; if I dissemble, I shall fail in a point of duty; reputation, credit and the fear of being ridiculed will become an idol, to which I shall basely sacrifice the regard that is due to truth and to you. But, before I give my answer, let us see a little; *are you a christian?*

*Lady Charlotte.* Surely, we are all so, I suppose.

*Mrs. Affable.* But can you tell me, what it is to be a christian. What do you think, lady *Lucy*? you are the eldest and of course should be the best instructed.

*Lady Lucy.* No doubt, but these ladies are better so than I am. However, I fancy, I know enough to answer your question. A christian is one that believes in *Jesus Christ*.

*Mrs. Affable.* That is something, but not all. To be a christian, you must not only believe in *Jesus Christ*, but you must over and above be animated by his spirit, give credit to his maxims, adopt them in practice; love what he hath loved, hate what he hath hated and proscribed. When we come to repeat his life out of the gospel, we will examine the spirit that actuated this God-man, who is not only our Saviour, but our model; and the answer I give shall be taken from his example. Mean while what I can say is, that many of the diversions lately named are contrary to the spirit of Christianity. For exam-  
ple



ple plays, such as are represented upon your stage, and several that are acted upon ours. As to balls, assemblies, and other pastimes, tho' it may be said that of themselves they are not sinful, yet they undoubtedly become so by many circumstances that attend them; and because the world gives itself up to these amusements not only without moderation, but at the expence of their duty to God, their families and themselves. This will be thought exceeding severe; ladies, but as I said before, and shall prove it soon, it is not my doctrine. Go on with the story of *Elijah*, Miss *Moly*.

Miss *Molly*. *Elijah* came to a cave to lodge there in the night; and the Lord bid him go forth and stand on the mount where the Lord intended to appear in a particular manner. And there came an impetuous wind that rent the mountains and brake the rocks in pieces, but *Elijah* knew that the Lord was not in that dreadful wind. Then followed an earthquake, and the Lord was not in the earthquake. This was succeeded by a great fire, and *Elijah* perceived that the Lord was not in the fire. After this there was a small whisper of a thin air; whereupon *Elijah* wrapped his face in his mantle and went out and stood in the entring in of the cave; he knew that this soft breeze was a forerunner of the presence of the Lord, and he heard a voice saying, *What doest thou here, Elijah?* Lord said he, the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up, jealousy has seized my heart and soul, for that the Israelites have abandoned thee for idols. And the Lord said to him, *go, return on thy way to the wilderness of Damascus and . . . . anoint Hazael to be king over Syria. And Jehu . . . . shalt thou anoint king over Israel: And Elisha . . . . shalt thou anoint to be prophet in thy room.* The two kings thou shalt anoint are to be the instruments that

I shall

I shall employ to be revenged of the Israelites for their perfidiousness and ingratitude. And *him that escapes the sword of Israel shall Jehu slay*: and I will keep me seven thousand men that have not bowed their knees to *Baal*. *Elijah* came down from the mountain; and found *Elisba*, who was plowing; he threw his mantle over him. *Elisba*, took a yoke of oxen, which he sacrificed to the Lord after taking leave of his father and mother; and with *Elijah's* consent he followed him ever after.

Mean while the king of Syria that reigned at that time came and made war against the *Israelites*, and God granted them a signal victory over their enemies as he had foretold by his prophets; but this favour did not prevail upon *Ahab* to obey the orders, which were signified to him from the Lord; on the contrary, he made a league with the king of Syria and spared him, tho' God had expressly forbid it. He committed another enormous crime in the case of *Naboth*. This man had a vineyard near *Ahab's* palace in the country; the king said to him, *give me thy vineyard to make a garden . . . . and I will give thee a better or . . . . the worth of it in money*. And *Naboth* said, *the Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my Father's unto thee* *Ahab* returned home in great wrath, and refused to take any nourishment; *Jezebel* his wife having heard the cause of his heaviness and grief laughed at him, and said, *dost thou now govern the kingdom of Israel? Arise and eat bread . . . . I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth*. To this end *Jezebel* suborned witnesses to swear that *Naboth* had blasphemed against God and the king; and he was stoned to death according to the law provided in that case. When *Ahab* heard that *Naboth* was dead, he rose up to go down . . . . to take possession of the vineyard. But God sent *Elijah* to *Ahab*

*Ahab* and directed him to speak in his name to that unfortunate king in the following manner, *thou shalt speak to him saying, thus saith the Lord, in the place, where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine.* Thou hast abandoned thyself to all manner of crimes and art become the slave of sin and of *Jezabel*, for which God will take off thy posterity from the face of the earth, and punish thy wicked wife, whom *the dogs shall eat by the walls of Jezreel.* *Ahab* upon hearing this terrible denunciation humbled himself in the presence of God who said to *Elijah*, *because he humbled himself before me, I will not bring the evil in his days: but in his son's days I will bring the evil upon his house.*

Mrs. *Affable.* This passage of scripture-history offers a very important reflection concerning the justice and providence of God. A dreadful destruction is denounced to the *Israelites*; they are permitted to the sword of *Jebu* and of *Hazaël*; but he adds, *I will spare seven thousand men for that they have not bowed down their knees to Baal.* As if he would have us understand that he would not suffer the innocent to be destroyed with the guilty. No, he seems to say, *I will watch over those, who have continued faithful to me.* Men will esteem it an effect of chance, that some are slain and others saved; but they will find themselves deceived. There is no chance; *I dispose of all events; I will not suffer the swords of those princes to touch my servants. Jebu and Hazaël know them not; I do; and they shall be safe under my protection.*

Observe besides, dear children, that God does not communicate himself in a storm or an earthquake, or a violent fire, but in a soft, easy breeze. This implies, ladies, that God does not communicate

nicate himself in the hurry and tumult of the great world. There you will not find him; that is not the proper place for him to dispense holy thoughts and to give pious motions to our hearts; he speaks to the virtuous in the stillness of a retreat from the world. If you lead a quiet life at home and discharge the duties of your respective stations, there, and then God will speak to your souls and direct you by his holy and affecting inspirations.

*Lady Charlotte.* What need of divine inspiration? We are not like *Elijah* designed for prophets.

*Mrs. Affable.* What a question is that of yours! You must know, my dear, that we are all by the corruption of nature prone to evil and of ourselves, without the succour of divine grace incapable of a meritorious thought or action, such as is of any weight towards obtaining everlasting salvation. We can sin, we can do evil, but God must co-operate by his holy grace that we may perform actions that are conducive to eternal happiness. We may indeed from natural motives and with the natural power that remains in us, do some good actions, like heathens, for example, honour our parents, give relief to the poor; but such actions must be influenced by grace in order to their being meritorious in the supernatural order, without which they are no more than moral, not supernatural. By the infirmity of nature we hang as it were by a thread over a precipice and by the weight of corrupted nature ready to fall under the displeasure of God; but what must quiet all our apprehensions is the powerful assistance of God, who will not let us fall unless we will ourselves. He is at hand always with his graces to support us. He constantly offers his help, his inspirations, and frequently stirs up good thoughts in us. We can



can do nothing in the natural or supernatural order without him; with him all things; and we may depend upon his assistance. I wish I could inculcate these great truths and convey them in a thousand different lights. This is a fundamental point of christian religion; and the solid basis of every virtue rests upon a mistrust of our weakness and an unbounded confidence in God.

*Lady Mary.* How *Mrs. Affable*? Did all the good actions of my life require a particular assistance of God?

*Mrs. Affable.* They did, my dear; and all your bad deeds you might have avoided with the succour of his grace. He offered it that moment you was going to offend him; he spoke aloud to your soul, *take care, he said, thou art going to sin, thou wilt be wicked.*

*Lady Mary.* Now I protest, that, very often, I did not hear him.

*Mrs. Affable.* It was not for want of his speaking, my dear; but you were so distracted; your passions were so tumultuous, that you could not hear. And for that reason, I said just now that we must love silence and retreat, which are not to be found in the hurry of the world.

*Lady Tempest.* This doctrine is very severe, *Mrs. Affable.* At this rate we must never go from home, nor have any diversions.

*Mrs. Affable.* Less gadding would be no hindrance to diversion. Do you think, ladies, that there is no diversion out of what you call the *grand monde*. Can you imagine that the small number of ladies, who are wholly taken up with minding their duty have no share of pleasure and content? If so, you are much mistaken. I have known those, who, to attend the education of a numerous family of children, have  
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given over plays, shews, assemblies and balls with all such amusements. I can assure you, that they never would have changed their condition for that of giddy women straggling from one party of pleasure to another without the least satisfaction: besides I must repeat what I have said before, that it is not I, that am severe, but the Holy Ghost. At our next meeting, lady *Sensible* is to give you the character of a *virtuous* woman drawn by that divine spirit; you will find me rather mild than severe in comparison. But you seem to be frightened, ladies.

Lady *Lucy*. I am indeed, Mrs. *Affable*. But I must deal candidly with you, and tell you what I think. I am satisfied that all you say is true; I am a Christian; I would not go to hell; but if it be necessary to lead the life you have described, it shall be done; yet I cannot but think it a great constraint for ladies of our age to renounce all pleasure.

Mrs. *Affable*. Pray, my dear, who says you must renounce all pleasure to be a Christian and to go to heaven? Did not you hear me say, that ladies who renounce such pleasures are infinitely happier than others? I only advise you to renounce false for real and solid pleasures. The pleasures I declaim against are real troubles, disguised under the appearance of pleasure. My design is to strip them of the disguise, and to shew them to you such as they are. You remember my saying that philosophy was the art of being happy by living virtuously. You desire to be happy, Madam; don't you? Well! if I find speedy and easy means to lead you to happiness, will you be content?

Lady *Lucy*. That I will, Mrs. *Affable*; alas! 'tis all I want.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. Trust me then; I will make you happy. I will do more; I do not desire to be believed, without I prove what I advance. And I take upon me to make it appear that there is no other way to happiness, but that, which I shall teach you.

Lady *Louisa*. I am quite curious to hear the proof; I have, I confess, a prodigious desire of being happy.

Mrs. *Affable*. That desire is common to all. We are made to be happy; we seek happiness throughout the course of our lives; and never once think of inquiring where it is to be found. The first meeting we have concerning this true philosophy, we will spend some time in this important search after happiness. And now for a little geography to make an end.

Lady *Sensible*. We are now upon the Western provinces of *France*. We have spoke of *Britany*, on the South of which lies *Poitou*. The capital is *Poitiers* upon the river *Clain*, a very large, but very ill built city. Here is also *Châtelleraud* a town famed for knives and false stones made there. Besides the *Clain*, three other rivers the *Vienne*, the *Sevre* and the *Charante* have their course in this province. It had formerly the title of a county and came to Henry II. of England by his marriage with *Eleonor of Aquitain*.

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DIALOGUE V.

*The Morning Lesson.*

Lady LOUISA.

**I** Assure you, Mrs. *Affable*, I have not had a wink of sleep this night. I thought of every thing you said at our last meeting, but was most struck with these words, *all seek happiness*; our days are spent in this search; and death comes on without any proper inquiry, where happiness is to be found. I am now seventeen years of age; I have been in quest of happiness from the beginning; I have gone several ways to be happy; nay I have fancied that I was happy; and a few days ago I have discovered that I was not.

Mrs. *Affable*. Take courage, my dear, when once we begin to make serious reflections we are not far from the term we propose to reach. I told you when we met last, that we are made to be happy; but I said so without any proof. You know our agreement was not to believe me or any person upon a bare assertion. Can any of you, Ladies, give the proof that is desired?

Lady *Witty*. As God is infinitely good, he cannot create us but to be happy. God, no doubt made us to be happy. The light of nature only points out a *natural* happiness; we only know the *supernatural* by revelation. And he was at liberty to create us for a *natural* or *supernatural* state of beatitude.

Mrs. *Affable*. An excellent proof, my dear; do you take it, Lady *Mary*?

Lady



Lady Mary. Yes, Mrs. *Affable*. For example, I know you to be the best woman in the world, and that you love me dearly; upon which I am persuaded that you will do nothing but for my advantage; and if you did, I should say, that you ceased being good to me. But God, who is a great deal better could not have the intention of creating me to be unhappy; with that intention he would cease to be good.

Mrs. *Affable*. Prodigiouſly well! But I am ignorant, my dear; and I might, with the best intention do you good do you a great deal of harm.

Miss *Molly*. That cannot happen to God, Mrs. *Affable*; you are ſure, that he knows all things, and that he cannot be miſtaken; and that as he is both wiſe and good, he muſt undoubtedly have made us to be happy.

Mrs. *Affable*. This is beyond reply, my dear; but ſuppoſe that I knew all that is neceſſary to make you happy, and wanted power to beſtow it.

Lady *Charlotte*. Neither can that be the caſe with God; he is all powerful and can give us all that is good.

Mrs. *Affable*. Well ſaid, children. This is really talking like great ſcholars. Let us now rake up the whole argument. We know that God is infinitely good, infinitely wiſe and infinitely powerful. We may from thence be ſure; that it is in his power to provide us all the neceſſary means for arriving at the happineſs, for which he created us; becauſe he is all wiſe and good. But there is another argument to ſhew, that he has made us to be happy; and this is taken from the deſire we have to be happy. God is too wiſe to give us ſuch a deſire to no purpoſe; he has power enough to procure for us all the means to ſatisfy  
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our wants and too good to let us be tormented with a desire, which we have not means to content.

Lady *Louisa*. I admire the connexion between this truth, *man is made to be happy*, and the existence of a God. It is so essential, that the former cannot subsist without the latter.

Mrs. *Affable*. The reason is that the former is a consequence of the latter. Hence when a truth, a principle is absolutely true, the consequence is so likewise and one cannot be destroyed without overturning the other.

Lady *Witty*. I don't understand the meaning of those words *principle* and *consequence*.

Mrs. *Affable*. They must be explained. 'Tis certain, that naturally speaking you cannot live without air? Don't you think so?

Lady *Witty*. Undoubtedly, I cannot live without air. That is out of all question.

Mrs. *Affable*. That is a truth, a *principle*. If I was to say, *I will stop your mouth and nostrills till tomorrow morning*, what would you object to it?

Lady *Witty*. That, if it was only done for a quarter of an hour, it would be the death of me.

Mrs. *Affable*. Why?

Lady *Witty*. That *why*? comes in without any manner of reason, Mrs. *Affable*. We were agreed this very moment, that air was necessary to live, and that one must die without it.

Mrs. *Affable*. But if after your mouth and nostrills had been stop't a whole day, you should live still, what would you think.

Lady *Witty*. That air was not necessary to live; and that I was quite mistaken in believing the contrary.

Mrs. *Affable*. *Air is absolutely necessary to live, this is a principle; therefore I cannot live without air,*  
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is the consequence. You see plainly, that the *consequence* cannot be destroy'd without ruining the *principal*. I said very lately, as you may remember ladies, that I would make you all *geometers*, that is, I would bring you to a *geometrical* way of thinking. By this method of reasoning the mind grows what I call *geometrical* by deducing one truth from another. This, my dear children, is of the last importance. I am now acquainted with persons in town that have no small share of wit, who for want of being used to this method talk most wretchedly out of the way. They will admit a principle, maintain it stoutly, and as stoutly deny the consequence.

Lady *Lucy*. Why was you not so charitable as to shew, that it was both impossible and ridiculous as you have done to us?

Mrs. *Affable*. No, my dear; they were persons that I must respect; that I had no obligation to teach; and who moreover would not be pleased if I had convinced them of a mistake.

Lady *Charlotte*. Can any person be so far void of sense as to be offended at their being let into the knowledge of truth?

Miss *Beila*. Yes, madam I am one of those fools. When I have got a thing in my head, I cannot bear being convinced, that I am mistaken.

Mrs. *Affable*. Well! I must confess, my dear, that in a thousand years thinking I should never have had such a thought of you. Why; my dear, you have a great deal of wit; what purpose could your wit serve but to be more out of the way and all reason than others, to forfeit all the advantages of a good capacity, and to be deservedly esteemed a very silly person?

Miss *Beila*. I will correct this fault, not that I fear being taken for a fool; for I, really give  
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self no trouble about what any one thinks of me, except such as I love. I despise all the rest.

Mrs. *Affable*. Hark'ee my dear ; this is a disposition that may have the worst effects. We will talk upon this subject another time, not to interrupt our lesson too much.

We have advanced, we have even proved, that man was made to be happy. It remains to shew in what this happiness consists, and where it may certainly be found.

Lady *Sensible*. If I might have leave to repeat to these ladies, the letter we had t'other day in the *Petites Lettres*, I think it would be extremely pat to the present purpose.

Mrs. *Affable*. With all my heart, my dear ; but may be the ladies have read the *Petites Lettres*. The book is very common in town.

Lady *Sensible*. I have mentioned them to several, who had never heard of them ; but if the ladies have, they will tell me, and I will give over.

*The History of the Marchioness D . . . . .*

There was a lady of quality and very great fortune ; she had many good qualities, but they all suffered from a great defect she was remarkable for. She was extremely scrupulous, and the most innocent actions, in her way of thinking, were sinful. With this turn of mind, she turned the brains of her servants, and made them go distracted. Common diversions were crimes ; to laugh or sing a great offence. She had an only daughter *Marianna* by name, whom she loved entirely, and prized as much. The poor child was under the greatest constraint, and forced to keep her mind to herself, and to conceal her inclination to any thing whatever ; for the mother thought herself in conscience



bound to thwart her daughter from morning till night. The young lady was allowed no sort of diversion; but, to indemnify herself in some kind, she amused her mind with longing earnestly for the fashionable pastimes. When she came to the age of fifteen, her mother declared her intention of marrying her to a very rich man; *indeed, says she, he is not very young, but an extremely religious man; at your age, child, you want a guide more than a husband; and the marquis I intend for yours, as he lives very retired, will have all the leisure necessary to instruct and guard you against the dangers of the grand world.* Miss, accustomed to obey without reply, made a very low court'sy and withdrew; the next morning she was presented with this precious husband; not to wrong the gentleman, he was barely sixty, but had more distempers, colds, defluxions, and ill conditions than any person of a hundred. No sooner were they married, but this jewel of a lord and master took the bride down to a great distance in the country, and lock'd her up with himself in a melancholy forlorn seat, built no doubt in the days of *Clowis*, if a judgment was to be formed from it's antique appearance. All the amusement the happy marchioness had in this charming retreat, was nursing her old husband, and long and tedious harangues against the corruption of the age, which were never interrupted but by fits of coughing, that would last three hours. *Marianna* lost her mother the first year of her marriage; by her death she came to a considerable fortune; and the old gentleman's estate devolved to her by the marriage settlement. She had a prospect of being extremely rich; and the day came when she was but eighteen. Our marchioness spent the whole year of her widowhood in musing with herself

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On the ways and means to recover lost time. In the melancholy stage of life she had gone through, she was a good deal more sensible than others of her want of happiness under the scruples of her mother, and the tedious morality of her husband and tutor. She set out for *Paris* with a resolution to go in quest of this happiness she just longed to meet with; but she committed a great fault for want of a *Mrs. Affable*, to advise her; and never thought of putting the question to herself, *in what this happiness chiefly consisted, and where it was to be found*. She saw, that all her acquaintance desired to be happy, and, to that end, gave themselves up to plays, gaming, great company and entertainments. She thought very candidly that happiness consisted in such things in as much, as she observed that persons of great accomplishments sought it in these amusements; and she very heartily followed their example. In the beginning she was so pleased, that she scarce knew where she was; she rather devoured in a kind of rapture, than enjoyed the pleasures. After some time, these pastimes lost their novelty, by custom, and grew tedious. A ball seemed to be a childish amusement, and very prejudicial to health, as well as grand entertainments. The conversation was trifling, or not modest, or, by detraction, very injurious to the reputation of many; gaming, she thought was a kind of rage, and contrary to a humane disposition, since the pleasure arose from another's loss. *Is this, said she, the pleasure I have so long and so eagerly desired? Am I content at last? Not at all; I am tired outright, and shall soon be quite disgusted.* The marchioness judged well; pleasures became intolerable, because they did not afford the happiness she expected. She happened one day to be at an assembly, where time hung

very heavy on her hands, when she saw a lovely young gentleman come in. Her heart began to beat, she knew not why, at the sight of this stranger; she immediately inquired of the lady of the house, who he was. She was informed by the lady, that he was a younger brother of a noble family, who for want of a suitable fortune had entered amongst the knights of *Malta*, and was shortly to make his vows and profession in that order. *What a pity*, said the marchioness to herself! *Fortune must be blind to be so regardless of such an amiable person.* The lady never once thought of love, and was persuaded that her sentiments in favour of the young stranger, were but the effects of a generous compassion. The knight on his side was struck, when he saw the marchioness. The company went to play, and he contrived so well as to be of the same party at cards; he was too much taken up with her charms to mind his game; he committed the greatest blunders, and lost all he played for. He bore his losses so genteelly, and with so good a grace, that the marchioness conceived a very favourable opinion of his temper. It is generally said, that you may know men by their behaviour at play; and besides she plainly saw that she had been the cause of all his mistakes, and found a pleasure in her mind, she could not account for. When she got home and examined her heart, she found the greatest alteration; the idea of the young knight had banished all uneasiness, and all she desired was to see him again. *Am not I in love*, said she? *I think, I am, and very much mistaken, if I have not inspired him with the same passion for me.*

It was not long before the marchioness's doubts were removed; the knight begged leave to wait  
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this apprehension? She disclosed her inquietude to a lady, a friend of hers, and communicated a scheme she had formed to clear up her doubts.

She pretended that business, not to be dispensed with, called her to *Lyons*, and promised the knight their marriage should take place at her return. He seemed so inconsolable, when he took his leave, that she began to blame her suspicions, and was on the point of declaring them to her lover. But her friend dissuaded her, and her advice determined the marchioness to prosecute her scheme. The marchioness's woman had a great deal of wit, and moreover a great love for her lady; she sent her woman to *Lyons*, with instructions to answer the knight's letters, who might easily have this artifice passed upon him, as he had never seen the marchioness's hand-writing. In the next place, she went to her friend's and confined herself at her house. This lady had given orders to one of her servants to watch very narrowly the knight's motions. This was about the beginning of *Carnaval*; and the ladies imagined he would go from the *Opera* to the *Ball*, a diversion he was extremely fond of. They were not mistaken, they masked themselves, and were disguised like *Grisees*, that is, ordinary women. A mask naturally alters the voice; besides the knight had received that day a letter from the marchioness dated at *Lyons*; guess, how he could find her out. She entered upon a gay and lively conversation; the knight was charmed with her wit. He begged she would meet him at the next *Ball* in the same disguise; she not only promised that, but that she would be there as long as the *Carnaval* lasted. At the third *Ball* he made her a declaration, and begged of her to unmask. She refused to take off her mask for fear, she said, her want of beauty should overthrow.

throw the favourable opinion he had of her ; but, she added, *I am resolved never to see you again ; you protest you adore me, and you are engaged to marry another person.* Madam, says the knight, *I will not deceive you ; this match makes a fortune for me, which I am without, and consequently cannot offer you. Let this marriage go on, and be assured that I shall only value my fortune in as much, as I can share it with you.* Hark'ee, says the marchioness, *I am more tender hearted, than interested ; who knows but at last you may be enamoured with your lady ?* They say, *she is a charming woman . . .* That is all over, says the knight ; *I must own I was passionately in love with the person, I am to marry ; but there has been an end of that long since ; and now I can only be grateful. I never will be wanting in the respect due from a man of honour to a wife ; and in my opinion 'tis all she can expect :* The marchioness with great difficulty kept in her resentment ; she had that very day received a letter from the false wretch with promises of unalterable love. This perfidy cured her of the passion he had inspired to the lady, and now she only wanted to be revenged, and to put him to the greatest confusion. To compass what she intended, she yielded in appearance to his intreaties, and promised to unmask, if he would see her home ; he consented cheerfully, and stepped into the coach with the lady and her friend, The knight was surprised with the magnificence of the apartments, through which he was conducted ; he had taken these two women for adventurers, who were upon the catch, to make a fortune ; and now (as men are quite fond of their dear selves) imagining he had the good fortune to be agreeable to a person of great distinction, he made repeated instances to her, that she would be

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pleased



pleased to take off her mask. The loudest clap of thunder could not have affected him more than the sight of the marchioness; he stood motionless; he broke out into a loud fit of laughter; he was then convinced that love was withdrawn, where no other mark of resentment appeared; he had not the courage to say a single word, but made a low bow, and retired with confusion in his countenance, and rage in his heart.

Here the marchioness came again to herself, and was convinced, that happiness was no where to be found, since all her endeavours and inquiries to that purpose had been without effect. Several months passed under the greatest uneasiness; and nothing had yet taken place in her heart to succeed that blustering passion, which had seized her, allowed her no rest, and kept her under the greatest trouble of mind. One day as she went to church, at the entrance, she observed an old woman with two children that begged an alms. The marchioness was struck with the beauty of the children, she asked the old woman, whether they were her's. *No, Madam; she answered, they were born to be my masters.* This answer raised the marchioness's curiosity; she acquainted the old woman where she lived, and desired her to come that afternoon, and bring these pretty children with her. She came at the time appointed, and the marchioness desired a fuller account of what she had heard in the morning, which the good old woman gave to this effect.

*Thirty years are now past, since I came servant to a worthy honest man; he died, and I continued a servant to his son. My master was not rich, but in a way to live easily; an unfortunate law-suit, which he lost, has been his ruin; 'tis now about half a year since; he owed me all my wages, and besides*

*besides was now unable to pay them ; he begged pardon with tears in his eyes for the injustice he had done me, though he could not help it ; he advised me to look out for another service, promising withal to satisfy my just demands, whenever it should be in his power. I must confess, the woman continued, I could not find in my heart to leave my master and mistress, and these poor children in that melancholy situation ; I forgave what they owed me, and offered to stay and help my mistress in washing linnen. We lived for some time, though not without great difficulty, of our work, for my poor master being struck with a palsy, one of us must of necessity be his nurse. Within these three or four days, my mistress is fallen sick with so much fatigue ; and I, not knowing how to prevent their starving, resolved to beg for their subsistence. Providence has blessed my endeavours ; and I have been in a condition to find them necessities. I hope in a few days to see them quite recovered. They are, thank God, both much better.*

Whilst the worthy good woman's tears accompanied this melancholy account, those of the marchioness ran down in streams. *I really pity you,* said she, when the other had made an end ; *with that noble and great heart, you don't deserve to be so unhappy : Indeed Madam,* she replied, *I don't think myself so ; and as long as it shall please God that I shall be a means to relieve my master and mistress, and to rear these sweet babes, I shall esteem myself quite happy. Can there be a greater happiness, than to do good, and to practise virtue.*

This was a ray of light darted from heaven on the marchioness ; the good woman had now taught her, where that happiness was to be found, which hitherto she had so uneffectually sought, and she was resolved to make a trial of this new

path, to which she was directed. She took the woman and the children into her coach, and ordered to drive to the house where the people were. When she came to the place, she desired to be shewed to the garret where the father and mother were lodged; she was struck, when she came in; a little straw was all the bed they had, and the garret so low, that there was no standing upright. The marchioness would not suffer them to continue there a night longer; she had a litter brought to convey them immediately to her house, there she found them beds and all necessaries. The gratitude of these poor people was greater than their infirmity and distress; their constant prayer to God was, that he would reward this lady's great charity.

It was past midnight, when the marchioness retired to her apartment, half dead with the fatigue and pains she had gone through, and to which she had till then been a stranger. She threw herself into an arm-chair, and turning her thoughts to herself found so much ease, and her mind in such a calm composure that she had never experienced the like before; the relief provided for this afflicted family redounded upon her, and made the marchioness happy. Former pleasures were attended with trouble and fear, disgusts, and sometimes with remorse. What she felt now was of a different nature, her content was without any mixture, or alloy; her satisfaction was intire, and raised to a greater degree, by the success which blessed her good offices, in behalf of that distressed family. They recovered their health, by her charity, and their circumstances were better'd, by a genteel post that she procured for their benefit, she was too well pleased to stop here; she added greatly to the number of her good works, and

and her great fortune appeared very moderate with regard to the benefactions, which her new passion dictated. To give her self up still more to it, she retrenched all the expences that used to be made for pomp and state; she parted with her jewels, laid down her equipage, renounced gaming, plays, opera's, public shows, and barely allowed herself necessaries. Hitherto a desire of content and satisfaction was the only motive; her charity wanted a superior motive, and that with respect to God; you shall hear what turn this took. All were not grateful that she relieved, she was hurt by their ingratitude; and as she reckoned upon their being pleased, and making their acknowledgments, she was very disagreeably frustrated of her hopes, and began to mistrust her not having found the way to that content and satisfaction, she had so earnestly desired. She had however sacrificed and abandoned all for that purpose; and now her heart void of all other desires, was disintangled from all obstacles to a virtuous and holy life. There remained only one farther step to take, and that was, to do every action with a view of pleasing God. At last she was quite sensible of it, and by that means arrived at the possession of an unalterable content of mind, which lasted as long as life, and accompanied the marchioness beyond the grave.

*Lady Lucy.* We are mightily obliged to lady *Sensible*; it is the prettiest story I ever heard. I am fully resolved to be happy, now that I know wherein happiness consists.

*Lady Louisa.* Why should you, my dear, after the example of the marchioness, be without jewels, keep no equipage, and renounce every thing to do good?



Lady *Lucy*. Very good, Madam; but I desire to be happy; am I to blame for wishing to be so, as much as possible?

Lady *Louisa*. Is there no other way to happiness, Mrs. *Affable*. Must I follow this lady's example, whom though I really admire, I have not the courage to follow, nor forsake all things, as she did?

Lady *Charlotte*. If I may speak as I think, the lady was something extravagant. Could not she, if she had a mind, bestow part of her means on the poor, and reserve the other to live like a person of quality; that would have been better judged. But you smile Mrs. *Affable*.

Mrs. *Affable*. I do my dear; you plead your cause with warmth; and I can but smile on lady *Lucy's* account, whom I must beg leave to contradict. She has forgot, that a philosopher must always go upon a solid proof, and take nothing upon trust; and yet she blindly believes this story of lady *Sensible's*. Who knows but that it is a made story; or that the lady was mistaken when she thought herself happy, or in fine, that perhaps she was extravagant, as lady *Charlotte* says?

Lady *Charlotte*. Oh good! how pleased I am! I have Mrs. *Affable* of my side.

Mrs. *Affable*. Hold, hold. I said *perhaps*; I have not decided the matter; it should be first examined. Let us then see what a happy and contented mind is.

Lady *Mary*. That is a happy and contented mind, which is perfectly easy.

Mrs. *Affable*. Very true; but what must be done, to be perfectly easy? What do you think lady *Lucy*?

Lady *Lucy*. To tell you the truth, Mrs. *Affable*, I stick to what I said at first; I am persuaded I shall

shall be perfectly easy, when I have done all the good that lies in my power.

Mrs. *Affable*. And after that you would desire nothing farther?

Lady *Lucy*. No indeed, Mrs. *Affable*; at least I think I should not.

Mr. *Affable*. But if any one should tell you, whilst you are in this situation of mind, *It is in your power to be a great queen*. Could you not wish to be so?

Lady *Lucy*. That is a strong temptation, Mrs. *Affable*; for after all, were I a queen, I could do a great deal more good. . . . But stay, had it been necessary for me to be a queen, that I might be enabled to do more good, I should have been a queen; the almighty Lord would have given me a crown; for I always think, that he does all things for the best; but as such a state is not wanted, or necessary to do more good, (for what need of a throne to be more virtuous) cannot I be as good in the station allotted by providence? I am now resolved, Mrs. *Affable*; I do not desire to be a queen; perhaps it would not be so well, I am content to be as I am, and I only wish to do all the good I can, in the station God has assigned for me.

Mrs. *Affable*. That is then a clear point, you do not desire to be a queen, but if this happened without your being concerned in bringing it about, would you fear being a queen?

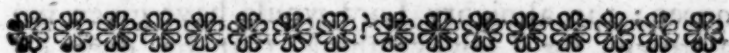
Lady *Lucy*. I am not clear as to that; though I fancy I should not, for if I had no hand in such an event, I should conclude it to be the work of God, and that it was his will; so that upon the whole, and every thing considered, I neither would desire nor fear any thing.

Mrs. *Affable*.

Mrs. *Affable*. And then you would be quite happy and content; for this is the true definition of happiness, *a state in which one is so satisfied as to be without any desire to exchange it for another.*

Mrs. *Rural*. If one is so happy, that he would not change his condition for another, he must fear losing that state. Now, Mrs. *Affable*, you told us, that a contented mind fears nothing.

Mrs. *Affable*. You are in the right, my dear; the definition is really defective. We must have another. He is *happy, who neither fears, nor desires any thing.* Another time we will make an inquiry about such things as conduce to this happy situation; for now it is time to part.



## DIALOGUE VI.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

**I** Promised you lately the character of a virtuous woman. I must keep my word. Lady *Sensible* knew it by heart when she was only six years of age. She shall repeat it.

† *Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.*

*She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants ships, she bringeth her food from afar.*

*She riseth also, when it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her mai-*

† Prov. 31. ver. 10, &c.

*dm.*

*dens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.*

*She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandize is good: her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.*

*She stretcheth her hand to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.*

*She maketh fine linnen and selleth it, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in the time to come.*

*She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.*

*Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.*

*Lady Witty.* What a character! now-a-days a lady would be laughed at that worked, and gave her work to tradesmen for sale.

*Mrs. Affable.* No, my dear, she would not be so much a jest as you fancy. The dauphiness of France, and her ladies of honour, spend some time together by way of diversion in spinning silk. It is sold, and the price goes to the poor. I have known several ladies of great quality that worked all the year round to purchase an alms for the poor.

Among



Among others, I knew one as beautiful as an angel, and of a very delicate, tender constitution; her poor small fingers were almost raw with working up coarse linnen. But, ladies, we must suppose in short, that fashions are much altered since the Holy Ghost dictated this character. It is no longer the custom for ladies to be concerned in coarse work; but this does not intitle them to eat the bread of idleness. They must now, as they did in former days, take the rule of the house into their hands, and not depend altogether upon their servants. I am now acquainted with some ladies in town, who will not scruple going to an assembly, when civility requires it, and who at the same time greatly resemble the virtuous woman described from the sacred writ, and are quite unconcerned at the weak jests of silly people.

*Lady Sensible.* For a wager I could name one. Shall I tell the ladies, *Mrs. Affable*, what I heard from her own mouth in relation to a ball?

*Mrs. Affable.* With all my heart, my dear, but without naming the lady.

*Lady Sensible.* She was invited to a ball, that was given for the birth of the hereditary prince of Russia. She refused to go, and being asked, whether she thought it a sin; no, the lady answered, *there are balls where only creditable persons meet; and I am persuaded, that one may be at such assemblies without offending God; but all go merely for diversion; and I am sure to find very little there. And pray, why so, madam, said they? If I go to this, I must be one at all the other balls I shall be invited to; and, instead of taking any notice of what passed, I could only think of my family affairs, which must suffer the next day for want of attendance during the time I should allow for my natural rest. I find, that life is too short, to satisfy our respective duties; should not I be an extra-*  
gant

gant woman to sacrifice real and useful pleasures to frivolous amusements, which would be disagreeable, tedious, and perhaps be attended with remorse?

Lady Witty. I don't understand, where the pleasure can lie in forsaking all things to be buried in your own house, and to have nothing to mind but family affairs.

Mrs. Affable. Surely, madam, you will not question, that there is a pleasure in doing your duty, after the Holy Ghost has given such a character of a virtuous woman. But let us see what the same divine spirit dictates concerning giddy women, tho' some may be looked upon as reputable persons.

Wisdom shall deliver the just and righteous man from the strange woman, even from the stranger which flattereth with her words: which forsaketh the guide of her youth, and forgetteth the covenant of her God. For her house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead: none that go unto her, return again, neither take they hold of the paths of life †.

A foolish woman . . . . sitteth at the door of the house on a seat in the high places of the city (is much at her window) to call passengers, who go right on their ways. She dresseth to entice them, is clamorous, loveth noise, assemblies, and to appear in the most publick places. She is simple, and knoweth nothing †.

As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman, which is without discretion. A foolish woman is always ready to laugh, amuses herself with men, but those whom she amuses lack understanding ||.

As the climbing up a sandy way is to the feet of the aged, so is a wife full of words to a quiet man. An evil wife is like a yoke shaken to and fro, where the

† Prov. ii. 16.

† Ibid. ix. 13, &c.

|| Prov. xi, 22. and from several parts of the same book.

oxen draw each to his side. *A drunken woman and a gadder abroad causeth great anger, and she will not cover her own shame. A shameless woman shall be counted as a dog . . . a loud crying woman, and a scold shall be sought out to drive away the enemies; † she is enough to frighten whole armies.*

Put together all these different parts of a foolish woman's character; she is affected, has forgot her education the guide of her youth, she shews herself at the window, appears at all public meetings; she is vain in her dress to look better, and to please, always upon the giggle; she is a talkative gossip and quarrellsome; she loves wine and strong liquors, she has lost all shame, and says, *I am not at all troubled for what the world says.* Chuse, ladies, which you would resemble the virtuous or the foolish woman; and carry this with you, that the characters are not of my drawing.

*Lady Louisa.* This makes me tremble; I resemble the foolish woman in some things, the virtuous in none.

*Mrs. Affable.* Get these two characters by heart, children, and examine at night which you have imitated. Now for our stories.

*Lady Mary.* But first, *Mrs. Affable*, give me leave to ask a question. Before your journey to *France*, you promised to tell us what things metals were; and you have never thought of discharging your promise. A gentleman dined with us yesterday; he spoke of vegetables, metals, and many other things that I don't understand. *Papa* said the gentleman had talked finely of several things. It was all thrown away upon me.

† *Eclus.* ch. xxv, 20. ch. xxvi. v. 7, 8, 25, 27. *N. B.* The author does not reckon *Eclus.* among the *Apoc.*

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. Lady *Sensible*, I beg you will save me the trouble, and explain this to the ladies.

Lady *Sensible*. I take it that all things on earth are reduced to three classes, or three kingdoms, as they are called, the *animal*, the *vegetable*, and the *mineral* kingdom.

Lady *Witty*. Does not mankind come into the account? do we go for nothing?

Mrs. *Affable*. Mankind is part of the animal kingdom; they are as to the body animals, as a fly, a worm, and all other animals that are either bigger or much less. Animals have life and motion.

Lady *Violent*. I begin not to dislike your lessons so much, Mrs. *Affable*; I love to distraction all that relates to natural philosophy. Pray, tell me, what is the vegetable kingdom.

Mrs. *Affable*. Now, madam, have a good heart; I shall win the wager; but, in answer to your question, *vegetables* are all such things as live and have no motion.

Lady *Violent*. That is very singular. I always thought, that, where there was life, there was motion also.

Mrs. *Affable*. Trees, plants, roots and flowers live and are without motion. Minerals which are of the third class or kingdom, have neither life nor motion, as gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, mercury, tin, &c.

Miss *Sophia*. I know them all except mercury.

Mrs. *Affable*. I have a little vial of it in my pocket. 'Tis a mineral very like you, lady *Mary*, always in motion, and can never lie still.

Lady *Mary*. That is the reason, I suppose, why it is called quick-silver. Dear, how heavy it feels!

Mrs.



Mrs. *Affable*. I'll pour it upon that tea-table with a rim round it; otherwise it would run away and be lost.

Lady *Charlotte*. How it stirs! What is it good for, Mrs. *Affable*?

Mrs. *Affable*. For an infinity of uses. The physicians put it into several medicines; it is put at the back of looking-glasses; boys at schools play tricks with it; it also serves in barometers, &c.

Lady *Mary*. I see no quick-silver or mercury about the looking-glass; where is it; what do they do to keep it from running away?

Mrs. *Affable*. It is behind the glass and stops the sight, which otherwise would pass quite through. The quick-silver is fixed by a composition of tin with other ingredients laid on the back of the glass in a very thin leaf; and this is called *foliating* the glass.

Miss *Bella*. You said that they play'd tricks at schools with quick-silver. How is that done, Mrs. *Affable*?

Mrs. *Affable*. For example, if you threw some quick-silver into a pot, where pease were boiling, the pease would come out one after another; but let this suffice for the article of quick-silver. Let us return to the class of animals, whereof there are many sorts; the animals endowed with reason, and those are men; those *of the air*, that is, the fowls of the air; the terrestrial animals, that live on, or in the earth; the *aquatile* that live in the water; and lastly, the *amphibious*, that live in the air on this earth, and in the water, as ducks, swans, otters, and many more.

Lady *Tempest*. I have often heard of persons, whose character was doubtful, that they were amphibious, and neither fish nor flesh. I did not take the meaning, which I do now perfectly.

Miss

Miss *Bella*. I am very sorry, Mrs. *Affable*, that we were not acquainted sooner; I am so ignorant, that it makes me quite ashamed. I am determined to recover lost time, and inform myself of a thousand very common things, which I don't understand.

Mrs. *Affable*. Besides the shame of being ignorant, which you justly observe, there is another great reason, why you should desire to be instructed. You are all to be married, ladies; you will be contracted to gentlemen of great study, who have travelled much, and are persons who have read a good deal. If you can only talk of dress to a gentleman who has made a proper advantage of his education, you will soon tire your husband, who will understand nothing in such a conversation, and reduce him to seek other company; whereas, if he find your mind improved by knowledge, home will be dear to him; and he will be charmed when he hears you discourse so well, and not only on entertaining, but interesting subjects. Now, lady *Charlotte*, your story, if you please.

Lady *Charlotte*. *Abab* being about to enter upon a war, consulted his false prophets, who assured him, that he should obtain victory over his enemies. Now the king of *Juda* was a prince, who feared God; he had brought his troops to *Abab's* assistance. This prince was called *Jehoshaphat*; he asked *Abab*, whether there was no prophet of the Lord to be found. *Abab* answered, there is one *Micaiah*, but he doth not prophesy good concerning me, but evil. *Jehoshaphat* desired he should be sent for. Those who went for *Micaiah*, said to him, *Behold now the words of the prophets declare good unto the king with one mouth, let thy word, I pray thee, be like the word of one of them, and speak that which is good.*

*Micaiah*

*Micaiah* answered, he should not give himself any concern about what others said; but that which God prompted him to say, he would speak. Then *Micaiah* foretold to the king, that he should fall in the battle. Did not I tell you, said *Abab*? let him be carried to prison, and when I come back in peace, he shall be treated as he deserves. I consent, *Micaiah* answered, and *if thou return at all in peace, the Lord hath not spoken by me.* *Abab* was slain in the battle, and when they washed his body dogs licked his blood. His son who succeeded him was no better than the father. He fell sick, and dispatched messengers to consult the false Gods. *Elijah* stopt them, is there no God in *Israel*, said he, that you go and consult idols? Tell him from God, that, in punishment of this heinous offence, he shall never rise from his sick-bed. When the king understood, that *Elijah* was the prophet, who foretold his death, he sent off a captain with fifty men to take him; but fire came down from heaven, and destroyed them all. The same happened to a second company ordered to bring away the prophet, which yet did not hinder the wicked prince dispatching a third. But the last were good men, and the captain, instead of threatening the prophet, fell on his knees at his feet; and he and his men returned without hurt.

Then *Elijah*, by God's special command, followed the captain, and when he came to the king he repeated the former menaces, which were also fulfilled. After this the prophet said to *Elisba*, "I beg of thee stay here and leave me not." *Elisba* answered, *as the Lord liveth, and thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee.* For he knew that the Lord would take away his master that day. Several sons of the prophet's followed at a distance. The master and the disciples came to the banks of the

river

river *Jordan*. The prophet having struck the waters with his mantle, the river divided and opened a free passage for them. *Elijah* said, *ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken from thee*. *Elisha* answered, *let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me*. It shall be *Elijah* said as thou desirest, *if thou see me when I am taken from thee*. They went on and talked. But on a sudden God took up *Elijah* in a fiery chariot. *Elijah* cried out, *my father, my father: the chariot of Israel, and the guide † thereof*. He saw the prophet no more, but his mantle that was fallen to the ground and taken up by *Elisha*.

Mrs. *Affable*. You may observe, ladies, in this passage of the scripture history, the character of princes and the great ones. They are willing enough to consult prophets, that is to take advice; but if the answer is contrary to their inclinations, the adviser is looked upon as an enemy. By this means they are invested with flatterers, who keep truth at a distance, and out of reach. Consider this, children attentively; though not born princesses, you are ladies of noble birth; that suffices to bring in crouds of flatterers; and, if you listen to their vain discourses, it must prove your ruin.

Lady *Charlotte*. I must tell you, Mrs. *Affable*, what has happened to me. Our house-keeper, as arrant a coxer as ever was, has never forgiven your penancing me, and making me wait on my maid at supper. When she heard of your being returned to *England*, she talked very oddly, and the rest of the servants followed her example. She says, that you are mighty ridiculous; that *Mama* is quite in the wrong to let you use me so

† *The guide thereof*, as it is read in the vulgate Interpreter.



ill, and that the children under your care are greatly to be pitied.

Mrs. *Affable*. And what did you say, my dear?

Lady *Charlotte*. I told her she talked like a *fool*; that you was as meek as a lamb, and never found fault, but for our good.

Mrs. *Affable*. I am much obliged to you for appearing in my defence, but you might have done so without any harsh language to the poor woman, that knows no better. To shew you that I have a true sense of your good will towards me, I condemn you to make your excuse to her for calling her a *fool*. You should have respected her years and spoke civilly.

Miss *Sophia*. This is a singular method of thanking lady *Charlotte*. I dare say, Mrs. *Affable*, she would have been very willing to dispense with thanks of that nature.

Lady *Charlotte*. No, upon honour, my dear. As I have taken a resolution to be a good child, how could I be such, if Mrs. *Affable* was not so kind as to tell me of my faults.

Mrs. *Affable*. Dear lady *Charlotte*, I cannot forbear tears of joy; with these sentiments you will soon be an accomplished young lady. What would I give to see all these ladies in the same disposition! I hope the time is not far off.

Miss *Sophia*. See, Mrs. *Affable*! I am not so silly but I can perceive, that you are very well satisfied with all these ladies; and that your mentioning them is a mere civility; so that I conclude you can only mean me.

Lady *Violent*. Come, come, madam, I believe myself entitled to a very good share of the compliment. To speak the plain truth, I am very much of a hasty dragooning temper; and I own, that I half craze my poor governess.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. Well ladies! I am content to have you think, that I looked a little that way. You know your foible; that is not a small point gained; it is the beginning of a cure, and please God it will be soon complete. Now, miss *Bella*, favour us with your story.

Miss *Bella*. *Elisha* returned to the *Jordan*, and with the mantle he had inherited from *Elijah*, smote the waters, which divided a second time to let him pass. He came to another place, where the inhabitants represented to him, that their lands were barren, and the water naught. *Elisha* ordered a cruise to be brought, and after he had put some salt into it, he cast it into the spring, and healed the water.

Then the prophet went up to *Bethel*, and some little children coming out of the city, mocked him for his baldness, and called him *bald-head*. *Elisha* cursed them in the name of the Lord; and at the same time two bears came out of the wood, and tore in pieces forty two of these wicked children.

The king of *Israel*, who was going to war against the *Moabites*, called the kings of *Juda* and *Edom* to his assistance. The three princes came to a place where there was no water; and *Jehoshaphat* asked whether there was no prophet of the Lord thereabouts; and as soon as they named *Elisha*, he desired him to be sent for, saying, *the word of the Lord is with him*. When *Elisha* came, he said to the king of *Israel*, *What have I to do with thee? Get thee to the prophets of thy father and thy mother*. If thou wert alone, *I would not look towards thee, nor see thee*, but for the regard I have to *Jehoshaphat* king of *Juda*. And after this he promised him plenty of water and victory over the *Moabites*. He had ordered the valley to be made full of ditches; and he foretold, that they should

neither wind nor rain, and that the valley would be filled with water. The Lord performed what the prophet had predicted in his name; the ditches were filled with water; and the next morning when the sun shone upon the water it appeared to the *Moabites* as red as blood. With this they were persuaded, that the *kings* were *slain*, and *had smitten one another*. Then *Moab* hastened to the spoil of the camp, and as it were threw themselves rashly upon the swords of the *Israelites*. They were defeated, their cities and their country destroyed, which so enraged their king; that he brought his eldest son, that was to succeed him, and offered him upon the wall a burnt-offering and sacrifice to his false Gods in the sight of all *Israel*.

Mrs. *Affable*. 'Tis but a moment since I was telling lady *Charlotte*, that old age was to be respected; take notice, ladies, how the wicked children were punished, who mocked the prophet.

Miss *Molly*. I must own, Mrs. *Affable*, I have that ugly way of laughing at old people. *Mama's* nurse comes to see us now and then; She has never a tooth left in her head; this affects her speech so very oddly, that I burst out a laughing, as soon as she is gone; and I can mimic her so exactly, that I make all the servants in the house laugh at old nurse.

Mrs. *Affable*. A fine thing, indeed, for a young person of quality to play the ape before servants! How can you think they will ever respect you, after they have seen you come down to such mean and unworthy actions? no, my dear, there is nothing so low as making a jest of old people, or of those, who have some natural defect. The former must be respected, the latter pitied. I should be very sorry, my dear, if I thought you would not get the better of this sad fault; it betrays a bad  
and

and malicious heart. Lady *Witty*, pray tell the ladies how they behaved to aged persons at *Sparta*.

Lady *Witty*. The *Spartan* commonwealth was thought to be governed by the best and wisest laws, though in my opinion, ladies, it was far otherwise; for I find that the greatest part of their laws were ridiculous and prejudicial. But I approve greatly of the laws they observed in their behaviour to elderly persons. Young people were not allowed to sit in their presence; and when they appeared in publick meetings, they gave them the best places. The *Athenians* did not shew the same respect. Some embassadors from *Sparta* happened to be at *Athens*; they were much offended to see some poor old men pushed about in the crowd, and at a loss for want of a proper place in the theatre, where the public shews were exhibited. The embassadors, who were placed very honourably, could not bear this regardless behaviour to persons advanced in years; they forced the old men to sit in their places, and gave in their example a very proper lesson to the *Athenians*.

Lady *Violent* I am never-pleased to hear any thing, that is misbecoming, placed to the account of my *Athenians*. I am like lady *Witty*, and prefer them far before the *Lacedemonians*, whose laws, in my opinion, are very barbarous.

Mrs. *Affable*. You are very bold, ladies, that you dare to blame the *Lacedemonian* laws, which the greatest men admire. I would willingly ask, why you like the *Athenians*, and dislike the others. Love and hatred must not go by fancy, but upon good and solid grounds.

Lady *Violent*. Mine is founded upon very good reasons. I hate the *Lacedemonians* for their cruelty, their obstinacy to continue ignorant, and their women for want of modesty. I love the *Athenians*;



they were learned, and enemies to sloth and ingratitude. They had, I must own, very great faults ; but still I love their faults better than the virtues of the *Lacedemonians*. Pray let me tell the ladies, how they used the children at *Sparta*.

Mrs. *Affable*. With all my heart, lady ; but when you expose the faults of the *Lacedemonians*, you ought in justice to say something of their virtues.

Lady *Witty*. I find none, I do assure you.

Mrs. *Affable*. How can you say so, my dear ? was not their exact obedience to the laws a virtue ?

Lady *Witty*. No, indeed, my dear Mrs. *Affable*, I beg pardon for being of a different opinion. You will always have us speak the truth ; and really I should not, if I said it was a virtue. Now, Mrs. *Affable*, I am obliged to obey you ; should you command me to kill lady *Mary*, would that be a virtuous action ? Is it not then very wicked to obey bad laws.

Lady *Violent*. That is just what I think. For example, one of their laws at *Sparta*, was that children must be brought up to the contempt of pain. Why ! that is very well ; but that they might get this good habit, there were certain solemnities, on which the children were brought to the temples, and, without any fault, whipt, till they were all over blood ; besides this, they were not suffered to shed a tear. To cry was a certain loss of reputation ; and more than once children have expired under this exercise without dropping a tear ; but what is still more horrible, their fathers and mothers assisted at the execution ; they were quite easy to see their poor children torn in this cruel manner, and exhorted them to suffer without complaining.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. This reason leaves no room for a reply, and fully justifies the young ladies aversion to the *Lacedemonian* laws. Obedience to laws, to be a virtue, requires them to be good and just; if they are bad, the greater our obedience is, the more guilty we are. That is a geometrical demonstration, my dear.

Miss *Bella*. I am not so nice about the matter. What pleases me is good; what does not, I say, is good for nothing.

Mrs. *Affable*. That is a sure way to judge quite wrong. I hope this will be no rule with you for the future. You have a great share of wit, dear miss, and even a superior genius. Nothing is wanting but a just way of thinking; and if you, miss, will join with me, we will set to work, and I am sure of success. Lady *Violent*, you said that the *Athenians* punished ingratitude; if I remember right, I gave you a pretty story to that purpose about two years ago. Would you favour us with it?

Lady *Violent*. Very willingly, Mrs. *Affable*. I remember it very well. At *Athens* there were judges appointed to punish ingratitude, but the case happened so seldom, that they had nothing to do. They thought it very tedious to go to the court of judicature without any cause laid before them; and at last hung up a bell for those to ring, who should have any case in their way to be heard: the bell hung a long time before any body rung, so long, that some grass that grew on the side of the wall took hold of the bell-rope, and clung about it. About this time a man, who found his horse was grown too old to work, turned him out of the stable to save his keeping. The poor horse walked very sad about the street, as if he had guessed he should starve very soon. Chance brought him by

the house of these judges ; he spied the grass growing on the side of the wall, and reared on his hind feet to nibble it, this was to no purpose, for he only caught hold of the rope, and rung the bell several times. They perceived the horse must have rung the bell ; they inquired whose he was. Some of the neighbours said he was nobody's, his master having turned him off. This is really a case, said the judges, that lies before us. It is a great piece of ingratitude for this man to cast away a poor animal worn out in his service ; it must not be suffered. Accordingly they sent for the master of the horse, and obliged to pay as much money as would keep the old horse the rest of his days.

*Lady Witty.* It must be owned, ladies, that *Athens* was a charming place, where so few ungrateful persons were to be found ; and where ingratitude, even to poor animals, was punished. Persons are punished for bad actions in *London*, and elsewhere ; but at *Athens* those were punished, who missed doing good.

*Mrs. Affable.* We shall talk that over another time, my dear ; it is late now, and we have still a story from the scripture with something of geography to get over.

*Miss Molly.* A prophet's widow came to *Elisha* ; thou knowest, said she, that my husband was a servant of God ; he died before he could pay his debts ; and his creditor is come to take unto him my two sons to be bond-men. *Elisha* asked her what she had in the house ? nothing but a pot of oil, the widow answered. Go, says the prophet, borrow of your neighbours a great many empty vessels. Then thou shalt shut the door upon thee, and pour thy oil into those vessels. The widow obeyed ; and for all she continued pouring on, the oil came still as if the

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vessel had no bottom. She called to her son, bring another vessel, said she. They are all full, answered the son; and the oil ceased to flow; the widow, by the direction of the prophet, sold the oil, and satisfied the creditor.

One day the prophet passed to *Shunim*, where a very rich woman invited him pressing to eat a bit with her; and so she did every time he came that way. At last she said to her husband, *I perceive, that this is a holy man of God. Let us make a little chamber for him, when he thinks proper to come hither. Elisha* had a grateful sense of all these favours, and was desirous of making some acknowledgment to his benefactors. His servant said to him, *Verily, she hath no child. The prophet* sent for her, and foretold, that she should have a son at the year's end. The prediction was punctually verified. Some years after, this child going to the field, where his father was looking after the reapers, was taken so ill with a sore head-ach, that his father ordered him to be carried home to his mother, who took him upon her knee; and the child expired very soon. Upon this, the woman full of a lively faith, carried the child, and laid him upon the bed of the man of God; and mounting an ass, she went to mount *Carmel*, where she threw herself at the feet of the prophet. *Elisha's* servant offered to hinder her. But the man of God said, let her alone; she is under great grief, and the lord hath concealed it from me. The *Shunamite* gave him an account of what had happened; and *Elisha* said to his servant, go to her house, and lay my staff on the child. But the *Shunamite* declared she would not leave him, till he consented to go with her. The prophet followed her, and put up such fervent prayers

to



to God, that he obtained the child's return to life in behalf of the charitable *Shunamite*.

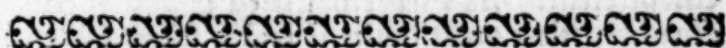
Mrs. *Affable*. You see, Children, that a charitable action is never lost ; and moreover, observe that, though charity extends to all that are poor, care must be had to relieve chiefly those, who fear the Lord. He has a singular regard to the prayers of the poor ; and they obtain mercy for their benefactors. Admire the unbounded liberality of God to the virtuous ; he seems to have bound himself to comply with their requests. There is an exceeding pleasure in serving so good and so generous a master. Whereabouts do we stand in Geography, Lady *Sensible*.

Lady *Sensible*. We spoke last of the province of *Poitou*, but said nothing of *Aunis*, a little country, southwest of *Poitou*. *Rochelle* lies here. This city was given as a cautionary town to the Protestants of *France*, and was besieged by *Lewis XIII*, who took it after a year and a months siege, during which the inhabitants eat, for their subsistence, things, whereof the very thought strikes us with horror.

*Rochefort*, is another town in the *Pays d'Aunis*, and is one of the stations, for the *Royal Navy* upon the ocean.

*Saintonge*, is south of *Poitou*. *Saintes*, upon the river *Charante* is the capital. The *Garonne*, another river has its course through this province.

Mrs. *Affable*. We will go no farther to day, ladies, if you please.



# DIALOGUE VII.

Lady LOUISA, Lady LUCY, Mrs. AFFABLE.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

**Y**OU are here betimes, ladies; our young ones will not come till noon. it is but just nine o'clock. Pray, ladies, what brings you thus early?

Lady *Louisa*. We wanted a little private talk with you, and hoped you would allow us an hour of your time.

Mrs. *Affable*. Speak your minds freely, ladies; you may depend upon me as you would upon the sincerest friend you have.

Lady *Lucy*. We relied much upon your kindness and friendship, which has determined us to take the liberty of consulting with you. What we have heard, since we frequent you, makes us tremble. I must own, as to myself, that I have had no rest since. Ah! Mrs. *Affable*, I am satisfied, that I neither live nor think like a christian; I perceive, but under the greatest terrors, that those words of the prophet, *How long will you halt between two*, are directed to me. This is my situation, between God and the world; but I fear I may say with more truth, that I am quite taken up with the world and its pleasures, and that I have scarce thought on God, my soul, my salvation and eternity.

Lady *Louisa*. That is my case, Mrs. *Affable*, though I hear myself commended for piety, and even was within a trifle of making myself that  
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compliment. As I have not been in any occasion of committing great faults, I really fancied myself virtuous ; but upon a close examination of my behaviour, I must say with this lady, that I had not so much as an idea of what it is to be a christian. I have gone farther ; I have till very lately made jest of all that thought better and more judiciously on this subject. *They are Methodists* has been my constant answer, whenever the conversation has turned upon persons wholly taken up with the grand affair of salvation.

Mrs. *Affable*. This readiness to correspond with the pious motions which the Holy Ghost is pleased to excite in your hearts is very edifying. The best must work their salvation with fear and trembling ; but take care that even this fear, though it come from God, do not break in upon the confidence, the tranquility and content, which possesses the heart of the just and righteous.

Lady *Louisa*. Very right, Mrs. *Affable* ; but are we in the number of those just and righteous persons ? Have we not on the contrary much reason to fear, that we may be reckoned among the idolaters, you mentioned t'other day ?

Mrs. *Affable*. Hark'ee ladies, I am to observe two things with regard to your present situation of mind, and must prevail on you to observe the same, in relation to yourselves. You are between two dangerous rocks, equally to be avoided. The first is remissness in your duty, the second is a truly scrupulous anxiety. Your course must be between the two, declining neither to right or left. The knowledge I have lies in a small compass, but God is pleased to proportion the lights, which we receive, to our respective employs, and may enlarge my understanding in such a manner, that I may be more clear sighted in your case, than I should be in my own. In hopes that it will be so,  
I am

I am ready to hear, and to answer you; but, to advise as I ought, I must first know you thoroughly. You must be sincere and free with me. Now lady *Lucy*, tell me what is your idol?

Lady *Lucy*. Myself. I will now draw myself to the life, and you will find that the terrors, which alarm me, are but too well grounded.

Mrs. *Affable*. Remember however that in justice to yourself and to me, your good as well as bad qualities must come into the account.

Lady *Lucy*. Good qualities! I assure you I know of none; I should be very vain, if I thought I had any virtue; there may perhaps be something of a deceitful resemblance, a kind of likeness; but Mrs. *Affable*, such virtues are but like base and counterfeit money.

Mrs. *Affable*. On this head you owe the same justice to yourself, that you do to others. Were you mistress of every virtue, still there would be no room for vanity. Virtues would be natural, or acquired; if the first you have no reason to boast of what God has bestowed upon you, without any concurrence of yours; and the knowledge of your good natural qualities, can only excite your gratitude, to be thankful to your benefactor; if you acquired these good qualities, it is not by your own strength, but by the succour and assistance of God, as the author and nature of grace. Such good qualities as are merely natural, cannot produce any *Christian* actions truly such, but require the influence of God's powerful grace, that the virtues and the actions may be truly *Christian*. All that is evil in you is your own; never forget it, that you may do yourself justice, that is, treat yourself with contempt. All that is good in you comes from God; never lose the sight of this great truth, that you may bless him, who has bestowed it, and be encouraged to love him



him incessantly. There is no need of informing me, concerning what you naturally are, but what you are, as a christian through God's mercy.

*Lady Lucy.* I am to tell you sincerely *Mrs. Affable*, you have now extricated me, out of a very perplexed situation of mind, and have cured me of an insupportable racking scruple. I have naturally tolerable good dispositions, were they not tainted with self-love; I have been brought up in a very christian family, where I have seen nothing but good example; and by that means have, as I may say, got good habits mechanically. When these come into my mind, I avoid all reflections upon them as bad thoughts, for fear of imitating the proud pharisee.

*Lady Louisa.* For my part I have got into the other extreme. I am satisfied and quite convinced, that I am not so good as I should be, but then I think I am much better than others. And I am pleased with the thought, as if I was obliged to myself for the good qualities I may have.

*Mrs. Affable.* Both excesses are very faulty, and consequently to be avoided. Let us hear lady *Lucy*, the good and bad you have to say of yourself.

*Lady Lucy.* To finish my picture, and to give you an idea of the situation I have been in, I need only desire you would remember the account of the lady, who was so earnest in her search after true happiness. I was in hopes of meeting with it in the world, and its pleasures. I found nothing but disgust and trouble. My heart loaths every object, and seeks in all places what it finds no where.

*Lady Louisa.* Here I must differ from lady *Lucy*. The world promises, and really gives me pleasure. I am diverted at a ball, a play, some assemblies; not that I would be taken up with such diversions from morning till night; but I  
look

# DIALOGUE VII. 109

look upon them as innocent, and such as may be allowed at my age. I love to dress and put on fine cloaths; nor did I ever think it an offence, provided a proper regard to modesty was observed. To be short, Mrs. *Affable*, I am resolved to work my salvation, and go to heaven; but as to this particular, I have set bounds to my ambition; I don't aspire to the first place, and would be beforehand with all the pleasures, that can be without offending God.

Mrs. *Affable*. Before I answer you, madam; let me ask lady *Lucy*, what hinders her relish of the pleasures, she seeks after. Let us know, my dear. Do the pleasures themselves disgust, or something that steps in, and hinders your taking full satisfaction in those amusements?

Lady *Lucy*. You shall know, Mrs. *Affable* how it is. I am, we'll suppose, invited to a ball; I accept the invitation, in hopes of being diverted; I go with the greatest eagerness, and banish all thoughts, that can hinder me taking the same pleasure with others. In the height of the diversion comes a thought which makes so strong an impression on me, that I cannot possibly remove it out of my mind. It seems to me as if I heard a voice, that says: *Is it for this, that God has placed thee in this world?* If every vain and unprofitable word is to be severely accounted for, can I imagine, that God will not make me accountable for the moments lost here? You easily conceive, that with such thoughts, I cannot enjoy the satisfaction I proposed to myself. I remember the first ball I went to; I perfectly longed for the day. Three nights passed without a wink of sleep; so impatient was I for the moment I was to set out on this party of pleasure. I was dazzled with the glittering shew; all the court was there, and I really wished for more eyes than I had, to enjoy  
the

the prospect. All on a sudden, I had this thought, *How many persons among these I have now before me will die ere this year is ended? Could they have the heart to divert themselves, if they knew their term was so near? But who can assure me, that I shall not be one of the number? And yet for this week past, I have minded nothing but dress and trifles; this has caused many distractions at my prayers; and I have had neither God nor my salvation sufficiently in my thoughts.*

This, Mrs. *Affable*, took up the whole time of the ball. Some thought of this nature still lurks in the mind, and only waits for the moment I have chose for diversion, to break out and engross all my attention.

Mrs. *Affable*. Lady *Louisa*, what do you think of your friend's situation?

Lady *Louisa*. Think? That she is too scrupulous. At this rate, we may as well be buried alive. Does God forbid innocent pleasures? Tell me sincerely, Mrs. *Affable*. If you think we must give them up to secure heaven, in reversion, I will do it, but that will give me the greatest uneasiness, for I must tell you once more, that I love pleasure and diversions.

Mrs. *Affable*. 'Tis natural at your age, madam; I must not make a crime of this inclination, neither can I flatter nature. If I dissembled on this occasion, I should not deserve the confidence you are pleased to repose in me.

It is no offence, I must tell you, at your time of life, to desire some diversion, but this must be stated in a more proper light. To divert yourself without any prejudice to conscience,

First, The diversions and pleasures must not be evil of themselves.

Secondly, Though not evil in themselves, they must not be such, as may bring you in particular into any danger.

Thirdly

# DIALOGUE VII. III

Thirdly, They must not prejudice any essential duty.

Fourthly, Let your diversions be a relaxation, but not your profession, and only business; let them take up a small part, not the whole of your time; that is, you must not give yourself up as a slave to pleasures. You may, if I may be allowed the expression, for a short while lend, but not abandon yourself to diversions.

Fifthly, The intention of a little amusement must be good. The end you propose, must be only to unbend the mind, to recover the fatigue of your daily duties in your respective callings, that you may resume them with greater alacrity.

Lastly, Take this rule, whereby you may discover, whether your pastimes are innocent. Before you take any diversion, consider whether you dare say. O God, I take this diversion for thy sake.

Lady *Lucy*. May one offer to God his relaxation and amusements? Now I should have thought it a want of respect.

Mrs. *Affable*. Have you never taken notice of what St. Paul says, *whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God*; he does not say whether you pray or give alms; he singles out the most animal actions of life to shew, that there is none, which ought not to be done for the glory of God. This is the true secret of holiness, I suppose, that the actions are not criminal; let the actions be never so common; such as they are, let them be done freely, without constraint, not out of a motive of vain complacency to ourselves, but to the glory of God.

Lady *Louisa*. But what is it to God, whether I take diversions or not?

Mrs. *Affable*. When God put a soul into your body, he charged the first with the care of the latter. Hence, to take a reasonable care of the  
body,



body, is to obey God, and to give him glory by a respectful submission to his commands. To feed the body with moderation, to watch with care, for the preservation of your health, to refresh and unwearied the body by suitable recreations, are duties, which it were sinful to neglect. Where God commands, your compliance must be agreeable, and you may offer this act of obedience to his divine will. For example, it would be very unbecoming for a person that is very intemperate, to say : *My God, I eat thus in obedience to you.* His conscience must immediately reproach him : *How darest thou presume to think, that thou obeyest his divine Majesty, by destroying the health, which he charged thee to preserve.*

By observing these directions, you may divert yourselves as much as is proper. I shall give you them in writing ; and you will consider whether hitherto your diversions have tallied with these rules. Lady *Lucy* will then enjoy for God's sake, and without scruple, the pleasures that are suitable to this doctrine ; and lady *Louisa* will generously resign all such as are not consistent with these maxims.

Lady *Lucy*. I have learned more this day, than ever I understood before ; and if you will favour us with such useful conversations, from time to time, I shall be the happiest creature in the world.

Mrs. *Affable*. I am entirely at your service, ladies, but, be sure, let our conferences be very secret. They would appear very ridiculous to your fine ladies. . . . . But here are our young ladies for the lesson of philosophy. This will give us very great lights for confirming what we have begun to explain, and which we will examine thoroughly the next time we meet.

*The End of the first Volume.*

